

MISSING

Relations and Friends:  
rich for missing persons in any part of  
of record and, as far as possible, assist  
men and children, or any one in difficulty,  
misloster Evangeling Booth, 18 Albert  
and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope,  
could be sent, if possible, to delay to  
aiders and friends are requested to look  
ough this column and to notify the  
If they are able to give any information  
advertised for.

First Insertion.

WILLIAM J. DICKENS. Age  
nir complexion. Moulder by  
st heard of 11 years ago in  
nt. His mother very anxious  
ie news. Address S. A. lo-  
onto.

DUBEN H. MILLER. Age  
3 ft. 9 in., fair complexion.  
Ste. Marie, Michigan, about  
1888, for Edmonton, Alberta  
has not been heard of since.  
very anxious. Address S. A.  
ronto.

SAMUEL EDWARD Mc-  
ge 24, fair complexion, blue  
nd slight. Left Toronto four  
Last heard of was in a  
tory in Buffalo. Widowed  
iously inquires.

W. JEFFREY (nucleonoc)  
EL JEFFREY. Left Toron-  
ure ago. Supposed to have  
New England States. Sister  
anxiously inquires.

Second insertion.

THOMAS GILLESPIE. A  
h by trade. Left Montana  
ton, Australia, April 1887.  
of at the Western Hotel,  
laco, from which place he  
sail on the boat Manawili-  
th, 1887. Description: age  
fair hair, 6 ft. high. His  
anxiously inquires. Ad-  
ry, Toronto.

EDERICK NORDINGER.  
ola September 25th, 1887,  
for Montreal, thence to  
hevece to Hull and London,  
d to Boston, U. S. West  
and on to Richmond, Vir-  
y information address in-  
to.

S. D. R. DALEY wishes  
m her son, Samuel Daley,  
sided in Summerville.

HN S. SLOAN. Age 55.  
light blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in.  
Last heard of rafting  
Sannat Beach, Mich. His  
quires. Address Inquiry.

OMAS HICKSON. For-  
in Manchester, England,  
of in Nova Scotia, in 1894.  
t part of one ear. Sister  
dress Inquiry, Toronto.

LIAM ALBERT BEAT-  
eard of ten years ago, in  
300. About 35 years of  
dark complexion, brown  
erly of Lisbellaw, Ireland,  
wing Bently's whereabouts  
ulry, Toronto, or Jennie  
7 Carlton St., Toronto.

OMAS GEORGE FARR-  
Age 20, height 5 ft. 8 in.,  
and eyes. Left his home  
Wickford, on Monday,  
9th. His poor wife has  
his present whereabouts,  
y desires to forget and  
dress Inquiry, Toronto.

F. J. D., who left West  
3 September kindly com-  
h Brigadier Gaskin, S. A.  
nto. Friends anxious.

RY, Official Gazette of the  
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# THE WAR CRY

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A HELPING HAND.

(See Article on page 4.)

## What Then?

TO THE SINNER.

After the joys of earth,  
After the songs of mirth,  
After the hours of light,  
After its dreams so bright—  
What then?

Only an empty name,  
Only a weary frame,  
Only a conscience smart,  
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,  
After this weary frame,  
After this conscience smart,  
After this aching heart—  
What then?

Only a sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
Only a silent bed  
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell  
To a world loved too well,  
After this silent bed  
With the forgotten dead—  
What then?

Oh! then—the Judgment Throne?  
Oh! then—the last hope—gone!  
Then, all the woes that dwell  
In an eternal HELL!

## The Debt Devil.

"One no man anything."—Romans xiii. 8.

Debt leads to extravagance, luxury, defrauding, embezzling, dishonest failure, bankruptcy, and through that to untold suffering.

The command of God, the example of Jesus Christ, the verities of philosophy, political economy and common sense are all agreed against the contraction of debt.

John Randolph once sprang from his seat in the House of Representatives and exclaimed in piercing tones: "Mr. Speaker, I have found it, and in the stillness which followed, added, 'I have found the philosopher's stone, it is PAY AS YOU GO!'"

Horace Greeley wrote, "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; debt is infinitely worse than them all. If it had pleased God to spare my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson I should earnestly have sought to impress upon them is: Never run into debt, avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, munch it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar." Greeley's life was a commentary on his words.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Think what you do when you go into debt; you give another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor, you will fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity; and sink into base, downright lying, for the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt. Poor Richard says: 'Lying rides on Debt's back.'" "Lying rides on Debt's back."

The "mortgage" is derived from two words, meaning death-grip. "Sin and debt are the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that he sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent."

"The wages of him that is hired shall not abide all night with thee until the morning," thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Lev. 19; Matt. xix, 19.

"To oppress the poor by indebtedness to them is a sin which cries to God for vengeance. Jas. 5: 4.

Jesus set the example "to owe no man anything" when he wrought a miracle to pay His taxes. Matt. 17: 27.

"The borrower is servant to the lender." Prov. 22: 7.

"Be not of them . . . that are sureties for debtors." Prov. 22: 26.

"Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich." Prov. 29: 6.



## The House of Obed-Edom.

The house of Obed-Edom, where safe the ark abode,  
What time were wars and fightings on every mountain road,  
What time was pitched the battle in every valley fair,  
The house of Obed-Edom had peace beyond compare.

With famine on the border and fury in the camp,  
With the starving children huddled in the dark tent's shivering damp,  
With the mothers crying sadly and every man a prayer—  
In the house of Obed-Edom was neither want nor care.

The fields of Obed-Edom no foe-man trod them down,  
The towers of Obed-Edom were like a fortress town,  
And only grace and goodness came speeding on the road,  
To the house of Obed-Edom, wherein the ark abode.

And far and near they told it, the men who passed that way,  
How fell Jehovah's blessing on that home by night and day;  
How the smallest to the greatest had joy, and hope, and love,  
While the roof of Obed-Edom was watched by God above.

The line of Obed-Edom is on the earth to-day;  
In the house of Obed-Edom still he may safely stay  
Who, dearer than all treasure for which men toil and plod,  
Shall prize the covenant blessing, the hallowed ark of God.

And never strife nor clamor shall break the tranquil spell  
In which our Lord's beloved forever safely dwell.  
In the house of Obed-Edom, in sunlight or in dark,  
Abides the ceaseless blessing that rests within the ark.

Margaret E. Sangster.

## SADIE.

By S. E. O.

It was a very cold Saturday evening, but, as was her custom, Sadie put on her wraps to go out. Cold weather was no reason for staying in to a girl of her temperament. She had an abundant love of life and a very energetic disposition; there was no particular need of her going except her promise to a friend whom she called for. On they started to make a few purchases, to see whom else was out, and then to saunter home again. But, phew, it was terribly cold, nobody much was out, and the cold seemed to fairly freeze their breath; it was too cold to loiter, and having purchased one or two items, the friends hesitated as to where to turn their steps. "Let us go to the Army for a while," said her friend to Sadie.

Sadie hesitated for a moment. "Oh, pshaw, I don't want to go there," she finally replied.

"Well, they (referring to the home folks) are not ready yet to drive, it is too cold to walk, we don't want to sit in the store; it is warm in the barracks, so why not go? We can leave when we want to!"

Sadie yielded at length, although she could not help feeling that she was belittling herself, to use a phrase of her elder sister's. She should seek better associates than herself, from a social standpoint. "The Army people were a grade lower than herself," so she thought.

But the hall was bright and warm, and the meeting was pretty much the same as it used to be when she was a child—"aye, a Junior, and well served, too. Everybody went to the Army then, it was popular in those days; but the nice folk turned their back on it, or very many of them. Why?" All these thoughts, and many others went through her mind as she sat there. "I don't like that Captain," she remarked to her friend, once they were outside; "he thinks I'm a sinner, and shoots condemnation at me out of his eyes. He thinks he can read me. He is con-

But he was going to farewell, he had announced, and Capt. D— was going to take charge. Ah, he had opened the work at the same time, he was the first officer. Sadie must go to hear the hero of the Army's early days. Everybody loved him then.

So on Sunday evening on her way home she passed the barracks, then turned and went up its steps and found the prayer meeting in full swing. Seating herself where she could have a good view of the whole proceedings, she presently saw, to her consternation, that while she was observing she was being observed, for two sisters were talking of her. She was sure of it when one of them came over to where she was and dealt with her soul. She was vexed. She really was, and succeeded in discouraging the sister, for she soon left her.

"Why am I so wicked, anyway?" she asked herself. "She wanted to do me good. Why did I get mad?" She was ashamed of herself.

Then, the Captain came. She was on her knees now. She had become ashamed of sitting up while prayer was being made.

"Are you happy, my sister?" he asked.

"No!" she replied.

"Why not? Jesus wills to make you happy," he pleaded.

"Don't talk to me, Captain, it's no good, I know all you tell me. I've heard it all my life. I'm used to it—hardened to it, Gospel hardened."

"God bless you," was his only reply. But Sadie, who reckoned on the hardness of her own heart, and forgot the power of the Spirit of God to melt hard hearts, for the truth was penetrating her heart, though she knew it not.

But one day she went to her room and tried to find Jesus. She prayed for a long time, and when she came forth again it was with some feeling of relief. The following Saturday night she announced to her friend that she was going to kneel-drill the next morning; to make a long story short, to kneel-drill she went, and gave her heart to God, and became a Salvation Soldier, and later an officer, which position she has held now for over six years. At present she is very much occupied in building up the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in Guilford, Ont.

## Clippings.

Must Have Help.

Vancouver, Feb. 9.—W. Anderson, of Toronto, who has just arrived from Dawson City, says that there is a small army of men in the vicinity of Dawson who will surely suffer before the winter is over if help is not given them. They went out with small outfits. The Salvation Army is helping them, and a fund has been raised by charity inclined people, but many of the poor fellows are now sleeping on the billiard tables of the saloons. Mr. Anderson is in the laundry business in Dawson. He says trade is ending in his line.—Toronto World.

Klondike Xmas.

"The Klondike 'Nugget' gives an excellent and lengthy report of the opening of the S. A. Shelter and free Christmas dinner given there, which account is concluded with the following sentence: 'It is a noble work this organization is doing, and their non-sectarian, humane work deserves the hearty support of every one who can in any way assist the Army in its efforts. Those who enjoyed the open, free-handed liberality of these good people will never forget their Christmas dinner in 1898 on the Klondike extended by the Salvation Army.'"

Sweet Charity.

All will remember the Elks' social session held last week. One of the first acts of the Elks' club of Dawson from the receipts of that session was to donate \$100 to the Salvation Army of Dawson as an evidence of appreciation of the good work being done by this non-sectarian institution which is doing such noble work in this city.—Klondike Nugget.

West Toronto Junction.

"The transfer of the Salvation Army from their barracks on a back street to a business centre on Dundas Street is causing trouble, people in the neighborhood of Dundas St. and Pacific Av. having complained to the police of the noise made by the soldiers."

If the "business people's" ears are so discriminating, they are difficultly constructed from the general business population of Canada.

La Grippe.

We have assurances of relief from gripe of many in different parts of our country by wearing sulphur in the shoes. Put in one-half a teaspoonful once a week.—Our Dumb Animals.

Fake Testimonials.

S. A. officers have so frequently figured in recent so-called testimonials to the wonderful efficiency of various patent medicines that we think it time to call attention to the following invention clipped from a Barrie paper:

"Ensign Earnest Robert, Salvation Army, Barrie, says: 'Have used Compound from the beginning of my run down, and am pleased to testify to the good they have done me.' There is no Ensign Earnest Robert in the Salvation Army."

Sensible City Governors.

"The City Authorities of Frankfort, Ky., have turned over the entire relief of the city and county to the S. A., and have arranged a big meeting in a special hall in order to raise funds to help us to do this.—O. K. Review."

Hallelujah Wedding.

The S. A. citadel was packed last night by enthusiastic officers and soldiers who joyfully came to attend the Hallelujah Wedding that was to unite two of their most popular comrades-in-arms, Ensigns Cave and Allen, in the holy bonds of matrimony. Adj. Dowell had charge of the preliminary service, when some of the good old Army hymns were sung with great heartiness. The wedding party was greeted with acclamation, and after a special initiative service the words were spoken by Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Brigadier Sharp, which made the happy couple man and wife. The blushing bride was assisted by Ensign Tovel, while Capt. Newman assisted the groom. After hearty congratulations Ensigns McRae and Newman testified to the groom's earnestness in the work of the Master, and Brigadier Sharp paid high encomiums to the happy bride. With special service the meeting then adjourned, and the happy party with their friends then drove to their future residence where all were entertained. Needless to say the Herald extends its best felicitations to the newly-wedded officers.—Evening Herald, N. Johns, Nfld.



# Fishers of Men

BY CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER.

**Y**ES, I should like to have been there when He kissed the little children! In that clustering throng of little ones, who gathered at His feet and nestled in His bosom, was represented the childhood of the world. The village babes of those Palestine mothers typified for all time the powers and capacities, the needs and perversities, the woes and wants of the infants of the flock. Christ linked Himself inseparably with childhood, for did He not become a child Himself? And with faith born of a holy childhood, in even an infant's capacity to glorify the Father and to serve the Kingdom, He gathered those Bethlehem babes into His arms, teaching them to re-echo those immortal words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!" Yes, I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when He fed the hungry! His food depots were on the mountain-top, by the sea-shore, in the wilderness waste. No suffering escaped His notice, no human wants were ignored. Even as He was tempted in all points, so He SUFFERED in all points, and the pangs of hunger were not unknown to Him. In the crowded chaos of human wreckage He stands out, not as untouched, but as "a Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," the "Friend of sinners," the "Bread of Life," A PATTERN FOR THE AGES!

And when I see the crowds of to-day, even as I saw them at our hall here, Shelters this Christmas-time, with their poor, hollow faces, empty homes, and desolate lives, I think of Him standing in their midst, the same yesterday, to-day and forever! I should like to have been there when

He WEPT AT THE GRAVE, and for all time linked hands with the sorrowing, the bereaved and the forsaken. Those tears have been a "balm of Gilead" to countless weeping, breaking hearts! And when our feet have been called to stand where His feet stood—within the silent cemetery—we have remembered Him, and our loved Lazaruses have been brought nearer to us by His tender presence, which has spanned the chasm of the tomb and linked death to life and earth to heaven.

I should like to have been there when He cleansed the leper, gave sight to the blind, healed the sick and raised the dead; when He laid His hands on those tortured with demons, and restored the crippled and diseased to their loved ones' embrace. To see the lame man leap as a hart, and to hear the dumb proclaim His praises, would have thrilled my soul with wonder and joy unspeakable! I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when HE PARDED SINNERS, when He made a place at His feet for the sin-stained Magdalene, and showered His mercy upon the legion-possessed, when He looked in love upon the world-fettered young ruler, and turned in His death-agony to the thief upon the cross. Who among us who have been stirred with a Calvary seedling of sympathy for the sinner could fail to have wished to have been there!

And, oh, had I been there when He entered Gethsemane—when He paused in human realization of the pent-up anguish of the bitter cup! And although I held my breath at the thought of entering within the dark, thick veil of mystery and suffering, my whole soul bows in longing to have been there when He thirsted on Calvary, when He cried on the cross.

Hem! the anguish of that lighted stare!  
Close those wan lips! Let that thorn-wounded brow  
Stream not with blood!

Yes! Soul-rending as would have been the scene, to kneel in silent worship at that cross, I should like to have been there.

But with peculiar appreciation would I like to have mingled with those fishermen on the winter-girt shores of Galilee when He, Heaven's Missionary, the Lover of men, the Saviour of sinners, commissioned those first ministers, those early Salvationists, those primitive pioneers, to be "Fishers of men."

It would seem to me that the gentle hush which stole over that listening group was born of a realization of an eternal responsibility and of the possibility of an eternal victory. The issues of a perishing world were at stake! Redemption's plan was ripened, but it had to reach its climax in blood. It was a moment of calm, but already the storm-clouds were looming on the horizon.

I look around upon the little group, destined to take so important a place in the drama of the world's salvation. I find them much as other men. Traces of human weakness and infirmity, of daily toil and misfortune, of earthly hopes and fears, are upon their faces and forms. Untutored, inexperienced, undisciplined; how unlikely a material for so gigantic an undertaking!

But listen to His words! The passion of a life-time's love, the zeal of a life-time's purpose, the supreme and dauntless faith of an eternity's ambition, are focused, it seems to me in that inspiring proclamation: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men!"

He Who knew the end from the beginning of human experience; He Who knew the length and breadth of human weakness, and He Who knew the powers and possibilities of love and zeal and fierce that are divine, uttered the declaration that mortal man should follow the Saviour in reaping immortal gains, that greater things than even those which they had witnessed, they should do, that the cup of His sufferings they should share, and that the goal of His life and death should be reached through the medium of THEIR toil and as the result of THEIR triumphs.

Nor was the Galilee appeal in vain. The baptism of fire fell, and these flun-



CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

ing apostles "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises," won their thousands of souls and laid the imperishable foundations of a world's salvation.

But even while I think upon them and my soul is stirred by their illustrious example, I am reminded of the fishers of to-day, whose devotion and toil and sacrifice have, countless times, been a means of blessing to my own heart. Yes! If the Salvation Army has demonstrated nothing else, it has proven once more that even as Christ is no respecter of sinners, so is He no respecter of ministers. That is, He is as willing to use the poor and the illiterate and the frail, as He was centuries ago, providing they are prepared to conform to the supreme condition of following Him, and He will go before them and stand beside them in all their travails and toils for the salvation of souls, and they shall be even as He promised, FISHERS OF MEN! Thus thousands in this our day have decided to join that Galilean band, from the ordinary hums and occupations of men, from the plough, from the store, and even from the slum, while some have stepped from the marble halls of culture, and the homes of luxury.



CHRIST CALLING THE APOSTLES, JAMES AND JOHN.

"And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."—Matt. iv. 22.



## Deep Waters.

They fish in deep waters: Their hands lay hold upon the treasures of darkness. From the fathomless depths of slumdom, of vice, of crime, of falsity, of poverty, they gather the pearls of priceless worth, and find the gems that lie hidden among the wreckage of humanity.

It is the GOING DOWN that has in so peculiar a sense signified the building up of the Salvation Army. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and it is the following out of this cardinal injunction to which we perhaps owe more of the example and inspiration this movement has become to the world than to anything else.

## They Fish Under Difficulties.

Cast a backward glance upon the boat on the Galilean shore; its rough, ragged appearance, its tattered sails, its water-worn hull, seemingly so unfit to battle with the waves.

How typical of the difficulties under which many of our fisher-officers toil! Not only in the mud hut of the Indian jungle, in the low kraal of the Zulu, where the beathen converts are you, but in the great slum centres and far distant corners of our American bathfield. The poor little hall, up a long flight of steps, or down into the basement where the crowd least cares to follow; the dim and imperfect light which the still more imperfect condition of nuisance fails to improve, the buckless seats, the intense poverty of the slender audience, the arduous toil, the perpetual sacrifice, the heavy cross, all intensified in its daily weight upon the sensitive spirit by the too often weak physical frame which would sink beneath the task, save for that Presence in the boat which can still silence the storm, drive back the waves of keen temptation, and strengthen the hand that holds the net.

## In All Weathers.

For have not some of the most wonderful captures been made in these dauntless fishers of men have braved the fury of the tempest, have smiled their way through the bitter, piercing cold of Winter and the enervating heat of Summer, or have faced unflinchingly the cowardly showers of missiles, hurled with the more reckless violence because it was known they would not retaliate?

## Perseverant Fishing.

And what patient, long-suffering labor is often required, not only in the casting of the net, but before the safe hauling of the shoal to Heaven's shore!

Do our converts stand? Is often asked. Not always! The strong waves of an almost resistless temptation beat around the backs of many, and the tender but and unflinching heart of the fisher-shepherd is required to mend the broken breach, to seek the gone astray, and to bring the prodigal home. Thousands in this way, all over the world, are being enfranchised and upheld, whose lives are spent on the trapdoor of hell, and the filtering stream becomes, in time, a saviour of those with whom sin and misfortune have surrounded him.

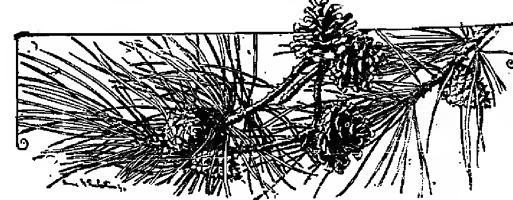
What has not this love of men, this passion for souls, led the followers of Calvary's Hero to do, to be, to suffer? What sacrifices have been endured, what burdens have been borne, what deeds of daring have shown the world the might of love and power divine? And looking down the long vista of the glorious past, since first those fishers of men were started on their sublime mission, what a harvest of souls we find has seeded the labors of those dauntless deeds of love!

March on, willing warriors, followers of the Bleeding Lamb, salutes of the Most High! Your footprints are lamps to our feet, your example our guiding star, your triumphs our inspiration!

The millions yet unenriched by Jesus' love and Jesus' power can loudly in their need! We catch the daily echo of their cry: "It comes to us from across the sea of sin and wretchedness and sorrow."

We will not hesitate! We dare not hold back! Our best, our all, shall be laid forever at the feet of Jesus, and we will not from Him in return receive ONE FAVOR, the priceless privilege of being enrolled among His blood-washed missionary band as FISHMEN OF MEN!

"It is not easy to see how a man who is cross to his wife and children at the supper table at 6 o'clock, can be pleasing to God in the prayer meeting at 8 o'clock."—The Watchman.



## CIRCUMSTANCES

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIMBORN.



OW many there are who are in continual quarrel with circumstances. Just as if happiness depended upon one's outward circumstances and was not rather the result of a certain state of heart. The unsatisfied human heart continually blames its circumstances and charges them with its fretfulness and selfishness. It says, "If I were only in other circumstances, I would be better and do better. If only I were spared this trial; if only I had another position; if only I were in such-and-such more favorable surroundings." These souls are blind. It is not their circumstances which need changing, but their hearts. It is not that which is without which needs altering, but that which is within, and when that which is within is changed, then the heart is made right—then how different will all outward things appear!

The aspect of the world around us all depends upon what sort of windows our soul looks out of, whether grimy or clean.

## All Crosses are Blessings in Disguise.

Don't see only the disguise—faith sees behind and beyond.

No circumstances, however disadvantageous, can ever justify sin or be an excuse for allowing the heart to remain unchanged. Nay, more, may it not be that those very circumstances, apparently so unfavorable, were permitted of God in order that the real state of the heart might be made manifest? And why? In order that the heart might be changed. Thus it is that the most painful, most perplexing events and circumstances, crosses and losses, bereavements and disappointments, long, wearying, galling trials, may work together for the eternal good of the soul, and no matter what or who the apparent agents may be in these cases, all can become and are meant to become helps to spiritual advancement. This lesson learned, the world becomes a new world. The things which are most painful become most precious. Those who seemed our enemies are now looked upon as friends. We see in each event something which can show us what is in our heart, or discipline and perfect us. Every cross and trial can thus be the means of unmasking the inward depths of pride, selfishness, impatience, anger, covetousness, or other sin, and lead the soul to cry out for deliverance. To the saved, every cross is a heavenly discipline, a step by which the soul is

## Raised Higher in the Divine Life.

Is not the perfecting of our soul's union with Him the grand object God has in view? Can any cost be counted too great to procure this highest blessing in the universe? Oh! how faithful of Him, that instead of letting our pride or selfishness ruin us, He lets it dash us against the iron bars of our spiritual prison, that we may be forced to realize that we are prisoners indeed. These bitter trials discover to us what we truly are, and where is our treasure and our heart in order that we may be saved.

Better to suffer here than hereafter. Better to lose much than to be lost ourselves. Better to have every fair picture marred, every hope dashed to pieces, every heart-breaking wrong, than to remain separated from our God, or out of fullest harmony with Him. Better to suffer into life, halt and maimed, than to be cast into hell.

Thus the soul which seeks God alone can find God in every event, in every circumstance, and that soul is free. To it, time or place, advantageous or disadvantageous, favorable or unfavorable, no longer exist. Because this soul lives.

## All Things are Life to It.

It is so in nature around us. The out-

ward circumstances which are disadvantageous to the dead plant are advantageous to the living. If the plant is a living plant, the rain and sunshine cause it to grow, the winds make it take fast hold with its roots. If the plant be dead, all the elements combine to hasten forward its decay. Thus the crosses and trials, which are elements of sorrow, bitterness, and sin to the soul which is dead in itself, are elements of life and blessing to the soul in which self is dead and Christ lives. Our very weaknesses may become our blessings. Old faults and failings furnish blessing by the very discipline which their conquering in the strength of God entail.

It is marvellous, and yet true, that there are no conceivable combinations of disadvantageous faults and failings which may not become to their possessor the source of the greatest blessings, as experienced the power of God triumphing over them. And who can enjoy such triumphs like those who have experienced them? Who so well fitted to help others similarly situated? And as it is with the inward so it is with the outward. This was the secret of Paul's "rejoicing in necessities and distresses," and glorifying in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. Who, then, need despair in this world of light and hope? Despair can find no place, for

## Salvation Reaches to the Uttermost Limits.

The sanctified soul sees in every difficulty just one more opportunity for glorifying God. Every "Red Sea" is a grand occasion for faith to triumph. There would be no triumph of faith if there were no trial of faith, and as it is by trials and triumphs or faith that the soul's faith grows and strengthens, so trials are necessary. Therefore, in face of every trial the soul should brace itself up and say, "Here goes for another victory!"

Man was not meant to be overcome by his circumstances, but to overcome them. What have we, then, to do in order that the bitter things may become sweet? That in all things we may be more than conquerors, and that all things may become new? We have but to yield ourselves to the inward cross. That is what God means, man, and gives him life through death.

"God gives us the cross, and the cross gives us God." There is the completed circle of all "ferry things." Even when we carry the cross, we may stumble under its weight, but let us go on, and become united to the cross, and then the cross will carry us.

## To-Day Hear His Voice.

The word of God is very nigh us, even in our mouth and our hearts. To ears that have been closed His voice may seem louder to sound no longer. The loud noises of war may shake the world; the eager calls of Ananias and Sapphira may drown the gentle utterance which bids us "Follow Me." After two thousand years of Christianity, the innumerable murmurings of an impatient scepticism may make it scarcely possible for Faith to repeat, without insult, the creed which has been the regeneration of the world. Aye, and sadder even than this, every now and then may be heard the insolence of some blaspheming tongue which still scoffs at the Son of God as He lies in the agony of the garden, or breathes His last sigh upon the bitter tree. But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant. To all who will listen He will speak.—Farrar.

Every man who hears the name of Christ should reveal Christ.

## A Helping Hand.

(See frontispiece.)



FTEEN have I heard the words of the Psalmist quoted by enthusiastic converts and old veterans of the S. A. and the churches: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Thank God we can say so out of the depth of our heart, welling over with gratitude to the Almighty Deliverer. Whose arm was long enough to reach us when we were sinking almost beyond reach in the fifth of sin's pit. Praise God for having guided, by His help, firm ground. But how many remember the pit only as the terrible part from which they have been rescued, and think how only of their own safety and gain.

Only one out of the ten lepers healed by Christ returned to thank Jesus for the miraculous cleansing, while the other nine apparently recognized no obligation to thank their Benefactor. So, only one out of ten, possibly even a much less percentage, of those who have been "brought out of a horrible pit," recognize that the Lord saved them through a human hand outstretched as the material manifestation of the Divine Arm of deliverance. This one remembers it, and himself turning towards the pit from which he had escaped, he casts aside all remembrances, and thankful of the eleventh month of that pit, he humbles himself and, embracing with one hand the cross, reaches the other one down to some struggling wretch in order to likewise help him onto the rock.

Christ wants His disciples to be saviours of OTHERS, not saviours of themselves. To effectively save others, we must first of all be fully consecrated to the service of Christ. There is no use in hugging with one arm some cherished hope, some fond ambition, some pet notion, some favorite hobby, and trying with the other hand to help some one now in the same lost condition in which we were once ourselves. It will simply mean that instead of helping the other man out of the pit, his weight will pull us in again. No, there must be a complete renouncing of everything and an entire consecration to the work of saving others. There must be a clinging to the cross—not to save ourselves from sinking, but to have the necessary leverage to enable others to rise through our efforts.

My comrades, don't you see why you have failed in the past to be a saviour, and why those whom you thought were helped by you were rather saved in spite of your effort than as a consequence of it? You had other main purposes in life; your thought and plans and toiling were for other things than your brother's salvation. Your efforts for others were more in the way of recreation, or as a secondary matter, or possibly in reluctant obedience to your conscience, which demanded a whole-hearted service, but which you tried to quench with some sort of penitential endeavor to help others in the work of rescue now and then during the week. You have had no leverage, your fighting was as "one beating the air," and your conduct was as that of one whose heart is divided. Your body has marched mechanically, your lips have sung mechanically, your tongue has uttered the well-known testimony, but your mind has been all the time occupied with that other ruling ambition, or desire, or perhaps fond of yours. Why is it so? Because when He called you you refused to obey and become an officer, and walked away from the pit from which you were dug. The cries for help from those in it still were unpleasant reminders of the call of the Father of sinners for your help. "Others could do better," you said, but YOUR work remained undisturbed.

Consider these things now, reflect upon them, and at once, on your knees, settle it with your God that He shall not wait any longer for you, but that you will be one of those who will go down in order to lift up. During this week of the Siege, set apart for the raising of fishers of men, let your name be enrolled as one who answers the call and cries, "Lord, here am I, send me!"

When a man is not disturbed by some thing that annoys someone else, he believes that he is good-natured.

"Tears are the softening sweaters which cause the seed of the human heart, and take root in the human heart."—Walter Scott.

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Walter Scott.

## Gathered from the Four Winds.

## RECENT ARMY HISTORY.

## From the "Tight Little Island."

A telegram from Colombo, Ceylon, announces the safe arrival of the General and party. The General has been very busy on the trip.

International Headquarters is once more found to be too small. An additional floor measuring four thousand feet has been added.

A Registration Department, where Salvationists who desire to accommodate borders, can have their address registered, has been opened in London.

The Chief-of-the-Staff led a "Days' Field Officers' Council at Oxford. Commissioner Nicol reports some exceptional blessed times.

Adjutant Thomas, of the Sunderland corps, has had an exciting time with a woman who thinks she ought to marry him. She was just barely prevented from stabbing him.

## From Uncle Sam's Domain.

The Commander was taken ill so suddenly that he was unable to leave Headquarters for 10 days. Mrs. Booth-Tucker remained with him. The Commander is improving, we are glad to say.

Major Borill has received a donation of \$500 from a New York merchant for S. D.

During the recent cold spell hundreds of Army hells were thrown open each night to accommodate the outcast. In the Memorial Hall alone, in New York City, over 600 men were sheltered nightly.

Lieut. Colonel Cozens was invited to lead a Temperance meeting in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on a recent Sunday afternoon.

The officers on headquarters Staff were all engaged in folding and stamping the Self-Defense matter. There was a total of 1,400 working hours altogether.

## From the Land of the "Marseillaise."

The General, on his way to Australia, spent a whole day in Paris, giving to Commissioners Booth-Hellberg valuable advice to push the war forward.

The Commissioners Booth-Hellberg intend to open a new corps in the North of France, at Lille.

At Besancon, a corps lately opened, during a week of special meetings, presided by Brigadier and Mrs. Peyron-Roussel, more than 15,000 persons attended the meetings.

## From the Land of Coal Mines.

The Marvellous has presided over large and important meetings at Mons and Brussels. Although there was a well-organized opposition, the result has been victory everywhere.

At Antwerp, a Protestant minister offered his church for the meetings. Protestant people in French speaking countries begin to appreciate the Army and its work.

## Items from the "Slops."

The Flower Festival Home, of Los Angeles, has been donated with a clear deed of the home, lot and furnishings, to the Army Rescue Work by the Society Council. The cost of the Home, exclusive of the grounds, was \$20,000. It will be used as a Young Women's Boarding House.

The Pacific Coast War Cry is giving its readers an illustrated account of the cities and towns of California, with brief sketches of the local corps' history.

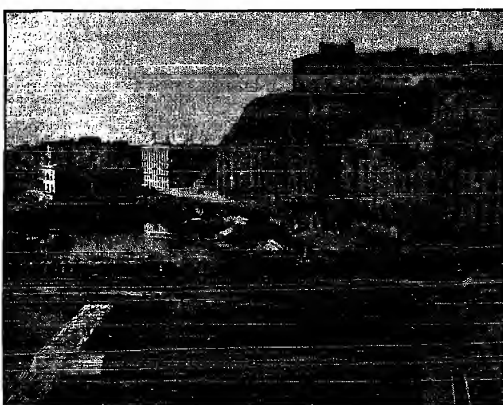
Major Wood, of ancient Canadian fame, is issuing a little weekly sheet, called "Sunshine," to his officers.

A new Rescue Home has been opened in Los Angeles, by Staff-Capt. Dunham.

## Scraps from "Macaroni" Land.

Capt. Lucy Hoo, speaking in the recent councils led by the Chief-of-the-Staff, at Oxford, said, "I love the Italians. They are not so thick as they are painted. You find out their good qualities when you love them. Then, remember the years of cruelty and oppression under which the people have lived."

A Training Home has been founded in Turin, the Headquarters of the Salvation Army in Italy, and a batch of women Cadets have taken possession. The next batch will be one of men Cadets.



SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES, ITALY.

## A NEWFOUNDLAND D. O.

Goes 480 Miles by Rail, Row-Boat Dog-Sled and Snow-Shoes.

I left St. Johns at 6:45 p.m. Next morning at 7 a.m. Gambo was reached. Capt. Simsbury and Lieut. Rose are pushing forward the work and souls are being saved. A few months ago this corps was opened, and already quite a number of soldiers have been enrolled.

Mr. Collins, an unsaved man, who got the S. A. to open Gambo, has been converted, and on my visit he, with seven others, took their stand 'neath the Flag. One young man returned to the fold.

Hare Bay. After a hard walk I got to this place. I had a guide for a part of the way. I got on a large pond and a storm came on. Not knowing where to go, it was rather awkward for a short time, but just at dark I was able to reach the houses. I spent the night with Bro. S. Collins and held a meeting. Seven gave me their names to become soldiers. Bro. Collins and Sergt. Wells held meetings here.

At Three Brooks several Wesleyville soldiers are lumbering. In one of their meetings seven sought salvation, and in another three. Their winter houses were too small, and at the time of my visit they were putting up a temporary barracks by moonlight.

After leaving Hare Bay 12 p.m., rowing all night in the cold, I was glad to get to Silver Island. Mr. Wicks made me comfortable and we got to the main land.

Then off to Greenspond, Capt. Snow and Lieut. Catcher accompanied. Captain Clark is supplying. Two souls saved. Three enrolled and Sergeants appointed. They are determined to set their Siege target.

Wesleyville was reached after some difficulty with loose ice. Had a good meeting. One enrolled.

On my return trip I accompanied the mail carriers, and after two days' hard tramp we got to Gambo, very tired.

May God richly bless those who so kindly assisted me on this trip. Mr. Osmond, Bro. Collins, Father and Mrs.

Burry, Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Roberts, Sergt. Wells, and the men who so willingly helped Messrs. Pritchard and Indoc and their splendid dog Rover. I never will forget their kindness.

Got to St. Johns tired, but happy, after being away over 18 days. Yours in the war and the Siege, D. P. McTear, Esq.

## HINTS.

Delight in wearing uniform.

Be willing to be reproved.

Be friendly with everybody, but have few friends.

Be willing and ready to learn from everybody.

A wise man will learn more from a fool than a fool from ten wise men.

Be clean, use plenty of water and soap.

## A Double Wedding at Neepawa.

I received a white-winged messenger announcing the marriage of Captain Mainprize and Ensign Cummins, at Neepawa, on Thursday, Feb. 26th, and also requesting me to be present.

I left Brandon at 9:45 a.m., arrived in Carberry an hour later. Sergt.-Major Bewickhick hitched up his team. He and the Treasurer, two Indians and Capt. Stokes along with the writer left for Neepawa. Got there in good time for the banquet.

For two hours the people flocked to eat the good things provided. The Ensign was running about working up to within ten minutes of the ceremony. The P. O. was wanting to know if he was going to be married in his blue overalls, and asked the bride if she would take him like that, and she said, "Certainly." It was him, not his clothes, she came for."

Capt. Stokes led off the first song and prayer, and while the second was being sung, Major McMillan, the writer, J. S. S.-M. Blake, Ensign Cummins, Capt. Mainprize, Bertha Knoll and the bridesmaid, Ada Howatt, walked on to the platform, amid a storm of volleys and welcomes. The barracks was packed, every nook and corner was full, and the doors had to be closed.

After the Major had set them into good humor, and made a few remarks which were original, not horrified ones, Sister Buck, from Dauphin, was asked to speak for the married people; and if what she said is the experience of every married couple, we husbands ain't in it.

Treas. Fallis, from Carberry, came next. The Major thinks he is a likely Candidate.

Capt. Swain had a pitiful tale to tell of cold gloves, frozen bread, desolate homes and in the near future expected to have things different. Capt. Stokes had his happiest day the day after his conversion, but he expected a second one soon. See, Coulter had a few words and said that there were only three people at his wedding, and said if there had been one person less he wouldn't have had a go at all.

Sergt.-Major Donnelly sang a song, and then the Major, under the Flag, called the contracting parties to stand, and read the solemn vows to them. Ensign Cummins and Captain Mainprize were the first to say the "I wills." They went through the ceremony very well. The only fault of the contracting parties was that the Ensign did not speak loud enough.

The kisses were given and the crowd cheered, and Capt. Mainprize and Bertha Knoll were no more.

Max heaven's richest blessing be upon them, and may their united lives be a blessing to many and much happiness to themselves.—Robt. Smith, D. O.

Don't give advice, give the example.

Take as much care of your health as you would of your bicycle or sewing machine.



NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The General set sail from Naples on January 25th, for Australia.



# SWORD AND SHIELD.

## Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

JOSEPH, THE RULER.

Genesis xli, 38-48.

**T**HE position of popularity and power to which Joseph was elevated is one more evidence of the fact that it is goodness that pays.

Outside his character Joseph had nothing when he came to Egypt as a slave. He had been stripped of all the wealth and prestige of his father's house, robbed of the comfort and companionship which were his by right, and had nothing to prejudice the world in his favor or gain him the first step on the road to fortune.

Yet Joseph had that possession which having all other qualifications, though desirable, may be done without, and without which all other things are lacking and tend rather to destroy than to build up a young man's future. He was good—not superficially or because he found it conventionally convenient to be so—and had the courage to abide by his convictions of righteousness on all and every point.

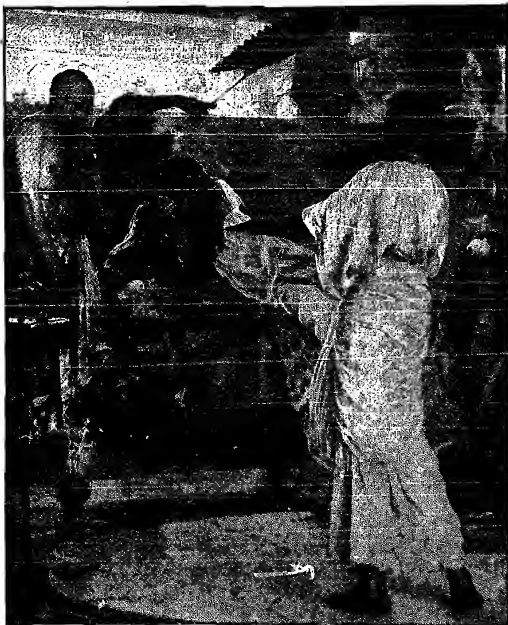
Such conscientiousness must succeed. Fidelity to principle is the great essential to a victorious life, and if it does not always bring, as it did to Joseph, a great sphere of influence and renown, it will secure no inextinguishable impression for God and goodness being left upon the sphere which the soul does occupy and guarantee the confidence of all good hearts abroad.

An upright character compels the trust too, in a sense, even of the worldly and more unscrupulous. When the critical hour arrives and the man has to trust his money, his value, his reputation into some one's hands, he selects the man whose honesty of heart and integrity of purpose have given him a blameless reputation, as well as a character for a position of competent trust. Pharaoh felt the

things of his kingly house would be safe in Joseph's hands, who had the name for being doubly rich in the virtues of wisdom and goodness.

Great honor and influence surrounded Joseph, but he was no foolish boy to have his head turned by the praise and power. Although only thirty years of age he had lived a life-time of experience, and gone through more hardships and awkward circumstances than many people twice his age. The trial and suffering had been fitting Joseph from the very first for this position. God, who had this prominent place in store for His young servant, had tested him in the difficulty and proved him in the trial. The most trying times of Joseph's life had served his character to good purpose. Suffering had made him strong. People who are able to go through peril, perplexity and pain, and can go through them bravely, are those whom God and man can trust to occupy positions of power over the lives of others. To fret at the trouble which confronts us to-day, may be to put aside the possibilities of the future for which courage in that trouble was to fit us.

If the Heavenly Gardener has lopped off some of thy branches, and cleared away some leaves, never fear, for it is that thou shalt bear more fruit; He that knows the end from the beginning makes no mistakes: He does not give His loved ones a turn too much in the furnace, nor a Gethsemane too much of loneliness or suffering. He doeth all things well. Did He not say, "There are first which shall be last, and last that shall be first."



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM. (Gen. xli, 34-36.)

## HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS.

I.—Freedom from Unholy Tempers.

Galatians v. 16, 19, 20, 21; Ephesians iv. 31.

Perhaps the commonest of all hindrances to the obtaining of a clean heart, or even to the retaining of one's justification, is a bad temper. It crops out in the cradle, it grows with our growth, it conquers prudence, politeness and policy in us, and appears labor in all men. "Good temper" is but a relative term, and the best of unsanctified men, only live with them long enough, will display some sign, however faint, of anger. Will not a sanctified man also? Many a soul has doubted, and still doubts, the possibility of destroying from the human heart a passion so universal, so overmastering, so subtle.

He who believes in God, declares that this destruction is possible to the Holy Spirit of God. "I am the Lord that doth sanctify you." Why limit God? Why doubt and hesitate longer? There is no limit to the cleansing, sanctifying power of the Spirit in your heart, except that imposed by your own unbelief.

II.—Worthless Earth's Delight and Show.

Romans xii. 2; Leviticus xx. 24.

The relation of dress to religion has been a vexed one for certainly twenty-six centuries. It is not that Christ has not settled it, over and again, for His professed followers, in that space of time, for nothing can be more explicit and direct than the teaching of His prophets and apostles on this head. But so long as vanity continues to be one of the most insidious of human passions, there will not be wanting self-deceived Christians to make these words of God "of no effect."

In the long list of feminine adornments which he tells us "the Lord will take away" from the daughters of Zion, Isaiah places every article which marked a woman as fashionable, and, these once gone, her dress must have remained poor and plain. If fashionable apparel has not a relation to sin, why should God take it away from His daughters?

"I never think of my dress." Then, think about it now: think of its influence upon your weaker, more light-minded sisters, and think whether, in its open and apparent world-likeness, it is fit wearing for the servant and witness of the Gallilean Carpenter.

III.—Forth Every Fond Ambition.

Isaiah iii. 11; I. Thessalonians iv. 7.

"There is no devil," once wrote a despairing girl to me. "What you call the devil is simply my wicked self. I cannot keep it under, it is always putting itself forward."

Diotrophes, who loved to have the pre-eminence, has left a larger family behind him than is generally supposed. Not only the men who are always pushing to the front in church or camp, but sometimes their critics, the men and women who have the same spirit, but who lack the opportunity to display it, are still possessed of the Diotrophian devil of self. It must be cast out, or ever their hearts can be clean.

IV.—All my Holy Laughter, Let it be for Thee.

I. Peter i. 15, 16; Matthew xii. 34, 35, 37.

Very few people travel far on the highway of holiness without realising in their own experience the exact and profound truth declared by James: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

The old appetites return; no more, the old temper has entirely vanished, the old feelings and wishes have passed away, and all our life appears indeed to have changed, and yet, now and again, that new and most sensitive Spirit by which we are ruled and guided, seems hurt by a chance word. What all our talk? We were not gossiping; not a thought of slander had come to our minds—and yet! The lines of action seem broad, and heavily marked, and the warfaring man, though a fool, need not mistake them. But where falls the delicate hair-line of speech? There is light to show even that, if we will resolutely put aside all vells of habits, and fix your eyes steadfastly on the light's Source. It is not possible for one human being to trace that line for all the world, but if our souls are given over entirely to the guidance of God's Spirit, He will trace it for us each.

## The Wind

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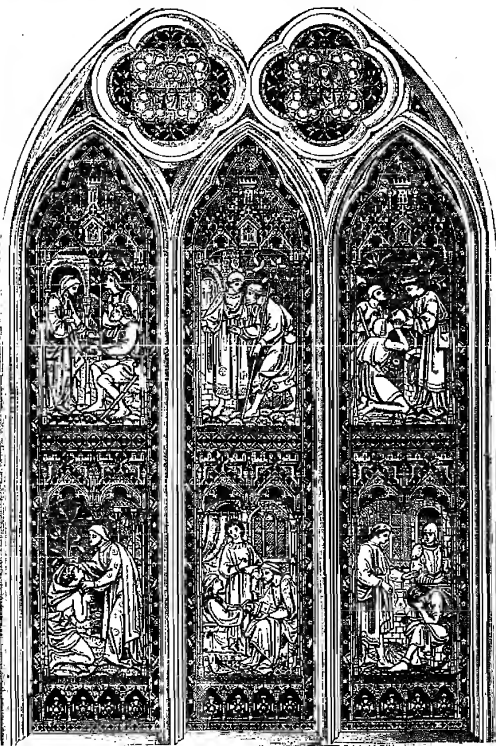
He frots, and tear



# The Window of Mercy.

By SOPH.

In a church at Harpenden, England, there may be seen a beautiful stained glass window, called the Window of Mercy, so named from the deeds of mercy depicted in its panels. The idea was suggested by the words of our Saviour, when, in describing the Judgment Day, He said that the standard of true merit shall be:



THE WINDOW OF MERCY.

I was an hungry, and ye gave Me meat;  
I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink;  
I was a stranger, and ye took Me in;  
Naked, and ye clothed Me;  
I was sick and ye visited Me;  
I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.

If these things ARE the touchstone of the true value of our salvation, then the name, Window of Mercy, is a most significant one indeed. It means that these acts of mercy are the true reflection of God's love in our souls, and as the windows of that church are the means of letting into the edifice light for the worshippers, so the deeds, not the words, of the disciples of Jesus form the window through which the light of God is seen by the sinner and unbeliever. In other words, the follower of Christ is the truly rich man, for real wealth is displayed in the USE of possessions. He sets His capital of love and compassion into circulation and earns high interest with it. He continually gives out and receives back with profit. He uses His two, or three, or five talents and doubles them in a short time.

Not so with selfish avarice, the peculiar of the spiritual miser. His poverty is truly illustrated in the words of the well-known fable:  
By gold the miser was so little blessed;  
Not its possessor, but by it possessed;  
He buried it a fathom under ground;  
His heart was with it; his delight  
To ruminate upon it day and night;  
A victim to the altar ever bound.

One fine day the miser came, his soul  
Glowing with joy; he found the empty  
nest;

Burst into tears, and sobs, and cries,  
He frets, and tears his thib, grey hair;

He's lost what he had loved the best.  
A starved peasant passing there  
Inquires the reason of his sighs.  
"My gold! My gold! They've stolen  
all!"

"Your treasure? What is it, and  
where?"

"Why, buried underneath this stone.  
Gold comes but slowly, quickly goes;  
I never touched it." "Gracious me!"  
Replied the other, "Why, then, be  
So wretched? For, if you say true,  
You never touched it, plain the case:  
Put back the stone upon its place,  
'Twill be the very same to you!"

then that they have them, but few people are the better for it.

Of course, these cautious ones have many plausible reasons to offer, why they are not able to be officers, such as: Must provide for the day of adversity; Can live just as good lives as soldiers; Had no special call from God; There are others who are more gifted; Charity begins at home;

What is to become of him when worn out in the service;  
Who will support his wife and family if he dies in the field? and so on in like manner.

There is only ONE reply to be made to all these excuses, and it is this: If the cries of the oppressed, the groans of the suffering, the curses of the vicious, the tears of the wronged, the sneers of the septic, the wretchedness of the poor, the pleadings of the hungry, the calls of the prisoners, and the hoarse of corruption all around us do not mould themselves into one great heart-piercing call of God for YOU, then the very stones will cry out against your indifference regarding the "least of these My brethren."

cue regarding the "least of these My brethren."

To the front! the cry is ringing.  
To the front! YOUR PLACE IS THERE;

In the conflict men are wanted,  
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.  
Selfish ends shall claim no right  
From the battlefield to take us;  
Fear shall vanish in the fight,  
For triumphant God will make us.

## What He Left.

A very rich man has just died, and some gentlemen were discussing the probable amount of his estate.

"Well, I wonder what he left," said one.

"I know!" replied a thoughtful friend by his side.

"What?" was the anxious enquiry.  
"Everything!" was the significant reply.



THE MISER.

## "IT'S A FINE THING TO BE SAVED!"

One Sabbath morning in Glasgow—a nice, quiet morning; all the shops shut, no "buses, no cabs, no cars," and the kirk bells ringing—there was amongst the rest of the worshippers an old Scotch woman wending her way along to God's house, as she had done for years. Bible in one hand and her handkerchief in the other. She was walking along in the most respectable Scotch fashion to the kirk, when suddenly up came the Salvation Army. I love them—but they are not quiet. Whatever they are or are not, no one ever blamed them for being quiet; and they were going at a grand trot, with drums, and someone walking backwards and making the streets ring. When the decent old lady, quiet and demure, got somehow into the procession, and a man jumped nearly his own height into the air, and gave a tremendous shout of "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! It's a fine thing to be saved!"

## The Old Lady Just gave a Shiver.

"Ah!" she said, "did you ever hear the like o' that?" Well, now, what was wrong? He didn't say it quietly in the kirk; he didn't say it behind a prayer-book—he just yelled it. "Hallelujah! It's a fine thing to be saved!" If that man had held his peace, the stones of the street would have immediately cried out. It IS a fine thing to be saved; and we must carry our religion not only to church and behind the hymn-book on Sunday, but in the streets and to our business. That decent old lady would say the same thing—"It's a fine thing to be saved"—ten minutes later, in her kirk, when the minister would read out the fourteenth Psalm in Scotch metre. We are terribly tied up and tied in! Hallelujah! It's a fine thing to be saved! It is the greatest of all possible blessings. May your eyes water for it; may your heart yearn for it!

—From "Life in a Look," a sermon by the Rev. John McNeill, preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle during the present Great London Mission, on January 21, 1898.

## GAZETTE.

## Promotions—

ENSIGN McRAE, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.  
 ENSIGN KENWAY, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.  
 ENSIGN NEWMAN, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.  
 Lieutenant Tessa Glus promoted to Glory from Portage la Prairie, Jan. 19th, 1898.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
 Field Commissioner.



## Welcome Home!

All Headquarters, from the message boy Cecil up to the Territorial Secretary, is rejoicing over the safe return of our brave leader, the Field Commissioner, our genial Chief Secretary, and Staff-Capt. Morris, the musical A. D. C. of the Commissioner, to the centre. The name of the difficulties encountered by Miss Booth is Legion, and if the Prince of the Air has anything to do with the weather, he did certainly put forth his best effort to upset the arrangements and prevent the meetings, which he knew would mean much damage to his kingdom. Needless to remark, he failed. We recommend the report on the opposite page to the perusal of our readers, and wish to state here that Miss Booth found it impossible to write up her meetings in mid impressions of Newfoundland herself, as she originally intended, on account of the reaction of the heavy campaign, which left her rather in a weak state. There appears now to be an cause to fear a serious illness, although such was rather unprecedented on the Sunday after the Commissioner's return. We would ask all comrades to pray for the Commissioner, who so unsparringly has given the best of her time, strength and thought for the advance of the Territory in every particular of S. A. warfare. The Field Commissioner, the Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris are unanimous in their assertion that the tour on the whole has been a most remarkable one, surpassing all that has been known in the records of S. A. warfare in Newfoundland. The reports of the meetings conducted at Springfield Mines, Newcomet and Quebec on the return journey from Newfoundland will appear in the next edition of the War Cry.

## A Ghost Laid.

For some years our London (Ont.) troops have been restricted in their opinion operations to one particular spot in that city, the Chief-of-Police telling them that there was a by-law which prohibited the holding of street meetings anywhere else but in that certain place. Our Provincial Officer, Major Southall, was greatly chagrined over this exception which London made among the cities of Ontario, and he determined to make an appeal to the City Council to have the by-law repealed. He was especially encouraged in this by the fact that the mayor and the aldermen (at least, nearly all of these gentlemen) are friends of the Army and its work, as evidenced only last year in the action which gave the Army the privilege of conducting meetings in the park. The matter was duly laid before the Council; many of the most favorable testimonials of the Com-

mission of other cities had been obtained with regard to the unrestricted freedom of the S. A. to hold their open-air on any street corner, and of the "good conduct" and estimable work done by our organization, and a time was appointed for the discussion of the affair by the city fathers—when at this juncture a search for the obnoxious by-law revealed the fact that it did not exist! Fancy, the Chief-of-Police threatening the S. A. with that ghost! We heard that that worthy official had read the "by-law" to one of our former P. O's, but we are inclined to believe that it was the Riot Act or something like it—anyway, it does not matter much now, since the ghost has been laid; we only hope that the spectre will not retaliate and now haunt the Chief-of-Police.

## The Easter War Cry.

The news of the Special Easter War Cry had hardly been out, and a letter giving some description of it to the officers had only time to reach the nearest corps and allow time for an answer, when already a plucky F. O. sends in an extra order for two hundred copies of the special number, and that comes from a place which ordinarily takes only 125 copies weekly! Well done, Pembroke! Your faith shall not be without reward. The presses have been going for several days already printing the cover—it will be a thing of beauty and joy for everybody who buys it. By the way, have YOU done anything to help to make the Easter Cry interesting? If not, you can make up for it by pushing it, and the Editorial Office will absolve you for the neglect of the former.

## General Secretary and Staff Give the Women's Social a Cheer.

Wednesday night a most enjoyable evening of music and song at the Industrial Home, led by Brigadier Complin, members of his staff, and other H. Q. officers. Much pleasure expressed by officers, inmates, and visiting girls. Cordial invitation to "Come again."—Brigadier Mrs. Read.

## HAMPTON OPENED.

Several friends of the Salvation Army and a few soldiers who have stood true to the Flag, have been petitioning us to reopen this place, so we made arrangements to do so on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th February.

The first shot was fired in the open-air on the Saturday night. A good crowd listened as Major Collier, Ensign Perry, Capt. Andrews and Cadet Adams sang and spoke. Away we went to the new Orange Hall, the lower part of which had been fixed up expressly for the Salvation Army. We had a good meeting, but as it was election night the crowd was smaller than it otherwise would have been.

Three good meetings were held on the Sunday with deep conviction, but none would yield, although several told the writer that they would soon come and take their stand for God, and we believe ere this is in print some of them will have done so.

The people are very kind and much interested in our work, and will stand by Capt. Andrews and her assistant, and do what they can to help on the war. God bless Hampton!—T. H. Collier, Major.

## EN AVANT!

Adj. Robert announces that she has secured a vacant store on St. Lawrence St., in the first block above Sherbrooke St., where the meetings of the French corps will be held after May 1st. It will be suitably furnished in the meantime and will make a nice hall.—Montreal Witness.

## The Siege at Old No. 1.

Eight days' special meetings were commenced Sunday at old No. 1, Staff-Captain Croighton in charge, assisted by a number of Headquarters' Staff. The meetings were well attended. At night seats had to be placed in the aisle to accommodate the crowd. The visible results of the day's fight were three souls in the Fountain, crowded hall, finances nearly doubled. Monday night hall about full. One soul.—A. McLean, Adj.

## THE SIEGE AT ST. KITTS.

This week has been a glorious week for the J. S. war. Monday night surpassed everything in J. S. demonstration. Crowded house. S.M. Berry brought the house down when she played her hand organ. Everybody enjoyed themselves. J. S. Locals worked hard, and the Sergt-Major sold over 150 tickets. Thursday night young people's meeting. Saturday night Locals had the meeting led off by J. S. Sergt-Major. She gave a reading of the "Old Crabs and the Young Crabs," out of All the World. Sunday holiness meeting turned into a "Robes" went off without a hitch. We went in for a red-hot prayer meeting. Out came one poor drunkard, then five Juniors. Here comes two more. Here comes another backslider, and when we wound up there were twelve girls and two boys, and two brothers, making sixteen souls in the Fountain. The J. S. Locals are rejoicing. This has been a wonderful week of the Siege.—Pub. Sergt-Major.

## Here and There.

New South Wales contains more flowering plants than all Europe.

Montreal had two hundred and seventy-five frozen hydrants one morning during the cold spell.

There are in the United States over 50 distinct secret orders with more than 70,000 lodges, and 5,000,000 members.

The loss of small Texas farmers by the recent blizzard is placed at \$1,000,000.

In making the average trip around the world, a traveller covers about 22,000 miles.

In several sections around Havana the soil produces five crops of vegetables in a year.

Since the beginning of this century no less than 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have disappeared, and 10 are now uninhabited.

For the seven months of the fiscal year ended January 31, the total foreign trade of Canada was \$196,017,000, against \$184,962,000 in the same period of the previous year, an increase of \$11,055,000.

Admiral Cervera is to be reinterred in Spain because he lost his fleet off Santiago.

Rudyard Kipling, the renowned poet, has been dangerously ill in New York.

The Pope of Rome thanks God for the revival of the Catholic Religion among the High Church followers of England.

The American deficit on account of the late war with Spain will total 150 million dollars.

## Major Hargrave at Old No. 1.

(Special.)

A real day of victory at Richmond St. Sunday. Meetings conducted by Major Hargrave. One surrendered in holiness meeting. Crowd very good afternoon and night. Plenty of life and enthusiasm. Farewell to Capt. Welch. Robinson family turned in to assist at night with music and song. Well-fought prayer meeting. Four souls for salvation.



SHE: "John, I believe you love that War Cry more than you love me. You are almost devouring it."  
 HE: "Hardly; you are much dearer to me. This Cry costs only the price of one of your dress buttons."

## Chips from the G. S. Department.

A D.T. BARR, commander of the Men's Social Institution at Victoria, has had a tremendous fight to keep things about lately. There is a great scarcity of wood amongst the merchants there, and the Adjutant and his assistant have tramped any number of miles trying to hunt wood. Just when they got to their extremity God blessed them by enabling them to get sufficient to supply their customers. Adj. Barr has put up a good fight since he has been at the Victoria Shelter, and we have the faith to believe that he will make both the Shelter and the Wood Yard in connection with it, a model affair. He says in a letter, "We are endeavoring our hardest to 'get there,' and moving that way."

The Men's Food and Shelter, at Montreal, commonly known as "Joe Beef's Converted," is pushing on with Siege fighting. Morning prayers are held, and a morning and afternoon meeting conducted on Sunday. Every man in the house attends the Sunday afternoon meeting, which numbers about 100 men. There is another meeting on Wednesday night attended by all the men. A poor drunkard recently got converted. A good work is being done by personal interviews.

Brigadier Mrs. Read visits Peterboro on March 4th, 5th and 6th. We prophesy a very successful time. It will well repay the Peterboro comrades to hear the Women's Social Secretary.

Adj. Aikenhead has been lately called away from Peterboro to visit his father, who is reported to be dying. The Lord comfort her in her sore trouble. Capt. Susie French is leading on the force at Peterboro.

Adj. Gen. Dudd, who is in the charge of the Food and Shelter Depot at Spokane, writes respecting the Siege: "Deposed upon me doing my best for God and souls. We have two meetings a week. Last Sunday night we had the joy of pointing two souls to the Blood, and THEY GOT WASHED CLEAN. Glory!"

The health of Mrs. Adj. Dodd has improved much since she went there.

Ensign Kitchell, who has taken charge of Quebec Men's Shelter, writes full of hope for the success of the Siege in his command. He has not had time to do much yet, but will be heard from. He speaks in the highest terms of the impression created by the Field Commissioner's visit.

The first application for Corps Cadetship in connection with the Siege arrived in the G. S. Department on 27th Feb. It came from East Ontario Province. The applicant's name is Josephine Mulken.

He was a saloon-keeper, but he had a HEART in him—he was too good for his business. When two ladies came along and sang to him the song:

"When'er you chance to meet  
 A poor drunkard on the street,"

he proffered them \$50. for singing it. Some months afterwards Ensign Griffith passed that way with the Ladies' Band, the hotel-keeper again asked for the song; the Ensign obliged him. He wanted to take the whole band or a dozen free of charge, and was ready to do anything he possibly could for their comfort. May God bless and save the saloon-keepers.—C.



from the land that lay on of the white glittering this time be far on its Within a Sydney house land's long-expected guest finally as could well be, I did, that over on the ice her expectant people seen disappointment, and her four he drew to end ere it had well started suspense went on, but st water-way gave no sign sail. If temperature hurricane had taken to th they could hardly have apparent verdict more far and no further.

Scrape, thud, bump, or last little Bruce is at passage through. Track though she is retreating but few hours' interval at Were it not for masts would be hard to imagine at all. We seen in the Arctic ice-field. How levitation makes its way which varies from two thickness is a mystery; feat is accomplished, then creaks and groans at eve vibrate through the vessel stern, and while torturing passengers' suffering home miles the strain goes on the open sea is reached—hurricane.

The steamer is tugged a toy upon the waves! Those who had called the sailors during the passage staggered at that blinding everybody was sick—the slower alarmingly so. A declared that sympathy saint suffering quite fright







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The sail-  
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in an tie.  
The wharf  
was de-  
serted—  
its usually busy port  
frost-imprisoned. Every  
day upon its slippery  
brink some watcher's  
gaze was strained to  
catch some glimpse of the  
long - delayed steamer,  
which days since should  
have ploughed its way  
from the land  
of the white glittering waste, and by  
this time be far on its return journey.  
Within a Sydney homestead Newfoundland's  
long-expected guest waited as pa-  
tiently as could well be, knowing as she  
did, that over on the ice-locked island  
her expectant people seemed doomed to  
disappointment, and her own planned  
tour be drawn to an untimely  
end ere it had well started. Three days'  
suspense went on, but still the retorted  
water-way gave no sign of smoke or  
sail. If zero temperature and whirling  
hurricane had taken to themselves voice  
they could hardly have declared their  
apparent verdict more plainly:—this  
far and no further.

Scrape, thud, bump, crash. The gal-  
lant little Bruce is at last forging a  
passage through. Track there is none,  
though she is retracing her voyage with  
but few hours' interval at North Sydney.  
Were it not for masts and funnels it  
would be hard to imagine herself at sea  
at all. We seem in the centre of an  
Arctic ice-field. How our steel clad  
leviatans makes its way through ice  
which varies from two to three feet in  
thickness is a mystery—sometimes the  
feet is accomplished, though not without  
creaks and groans at every effort which  
vibrate through the vessel from stem to  
stern, and wake torturing echoes in the  
passengers' suffering heads. For sixty  
miles the strain goes on—the longest ice-  
journey of the Bruce's record, and then,  
the open sea is reached—and—the open  
hurricane.

The steamer is tossed to and fro like  
a toy upon the waves' furled lashing.  
Those who had called themselves good  
sailors during the passage through the  
ice, now succumbed to the swaying  
singers of that blinding storm. Nearly  
everybody was sick—the Field Commis-  
sioner alarmingly so. A fellow-passenger  
declared that sympathy with her three-  
sided suffering quite frightened their own  
sickness away.

At last a respite  
at comes to  
the constant  
girdling of the  
positioned serves  
— eager eyes  
peer out into the  
night, but no  
lurcher lies in



## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Immense Difficulties to "Get There"—Enormous Crowds—Every-  
where Packed Halls—Penitent-Forms Filled with Seekers  
—57 Souls at St. Johns—An Unsurpassed  
Record in the S. A. History of the Island.

sight. "Too dangerous to go any further  
just now," says the Captain, and for six  
hours the Bruce is hattered to and fro  
in an anchored shuttlescock.

But even to such a sea-voyage there  
comes an end and Placentia wharf is  
made—hours later than the prescribed  
time, and pulling together what is left  
the passengers crawl out onto the frozen  
gangway. On the wharf stands a well-  
known figure of sturdy build—Brigadier  
Sharp. The Brigadier is a Scotchman,  
and like others of his countrymen, can  
"hold his time." All the same we fancy  
that some anxiety lifted from his face  
as our ship, crystallized from mistle-  
to watermark, hove in sight, and the  
beam which brightened his benign coun-  
tenance spoke volumes of relief from  
the gnawing suspense of two days' hope  
deferred.

Three a. m. Sunday morning. The  
snow is drifting and a blizzard blowing  
about the little railway station at Har-  
bour Grace. Newfoundlanders are no ice-  
beds of a Sunday morning, but thus  
early even the earliest knee-driller is yet  
unknown. "Functual activity is going on  
under the cover of the dark bluster. A  
sleigh is waiting at the depot door, and  
a distracted sleigh-driver running up and  
down amongst the few passengers re-  
lighted from the train, now so tardily  
arrived, asked anxiously, "Which is  
her?" No need of a name. All Harbor  
Grace could have told whom he was look-  
ing for, for was not the whole new eyes  
and ears to see and hear Miss Booth?  
It seemed to have turned out almost on  
unseen to the meetings later in the day.  
Nor were the eager crowds disappointed.  
That sleigh-driver had not searched a-  
mongst the hemmed travellers in vain.  
The Commissioner was there—giddy and  
weak and exhausted with her journey,  
she yet made a brave fight. The impres-  
sion left for God and the Flag was no  
transient one. As to the local corps,  
their warm hearts yet kindle in the  
thought of the battle they were privi-  
leged to fight under the personal com-  
mand of their leader. We use the word  
battle submissively. No other term would  
imply a prayer meeting with Newfound-  
land soldiers for the sake of Newfound-  
land sinners.

"Make room for the Colonel!" It was  
easy to say, but how was such to be  
made? Aisles and doorways are blocked,  
and everybody ooples just about half  
the space that seems within the range  
of physical possibility. The crowd in  
and about the Orange Hall was a ter-  
rific sight, and a more terri-  
fic experience when it came to  
wedding oneself through. The  
Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris  
initially declared that they might have  
to remember Caribou as the scene of  
some severe damage done to their  
rins. When once in, their only means of  
exit was through the window. Just  
how the Commissioner was got within  
the doors and up to the platform must  
remain a mystery. It was a wonderful  
meeting. Divine inducements played over  
it—the Commissioner was inspired—the  
soldiers at boiling pitch. The building  
was jammed to the close—and the prayer  
meeting no easy matter to engineer. In  
the scent of a hard light fires the zeal

of a Newfoundlander to white heat. It  
is a question whether for hand to hand  
Salvation War they have their equal in  
the world. At Caribou a lived peni-  
tent form was the blessed result.

"Miss Booth will visit Brigus!" The  
large-lettered little curls had swept the  
quaint little out-harbor into a flutter of  
anticipation. Its characteristics are usu-  
ally somewhat sedate, as becomes the  
peaceful abode of many a weather-beaten  
mariner of gales long since gone by.  
The Town Hall was given gratuitously  
for the Commissioner's meeting, which  
reached high-water mark in point of  
crowd and enthusiasm. Disappointed  
hundreds told the tale of a full house-  
ing before the hour of commencement.  
The Commissioner spoke burning words  
and broken-hearted sinners fell at the  
penitent form. The Commissioner was  
the honored guest of the family of Capt.  
Barlet, who is at present in the Arctic  
Regions, as Chief Officer of the new  
historic Windward, in which Lieutenant  
Perry has sailed in search of the North  
Pole.

Close on midnight, but the hall is yet  
brilliantly lighted and the meeting at  
full swing. Through the windows out onto  
the still, frosty air, come sounds of  
music and dancing. Inside this is hier-  
oglyphic light is just over, and the halcyon  
wind-up so dear to the heart of a New-  
foundlander is on. The scene is one of holy  
glow. It has been a glorious meeting,  
and everybody is joining in. English  
Welsh and the babies, Willie and Pearl,  
are tripping to the time, while the Chief  
Secretary is footing it in fine style. The  
sturdy Newfoundlanders, who are jump-  
ing, shouting, singing to the inspiring  
strains of—

"Come home, prodigal, come home!"  
are putting as much heart into their  
praise as an hour since they did in their  
prayer. Excitement is high, for even  
their beloved Commissioner, whose ap-  
pend that night has been so blessedly  
owed of God, is keeping time to the  
chorus. It is a marvellous scene—its  
happiness evident to everybody possess-  
ing eyes and ears—its full significance  
only to be grasped by a heart in tune  
with the liberty which the island war-  
riors of the Flag exhibit and enjoy.  
Pain would we linger on such historic  
ground, for this is the renowned Bay  
Roberts corps, which has given thirty  
officers to the Territory's service, and has  
at the present time a staff of soldiery  
of two hundred and eighty-five.

Another expectant throng at a railway  
station. This time St. Johns, and the  
crowd a huge one. To detail the jour-  
neyings of the little party for whom that  
vast crowd waited, as they have gone  
from place to place, much that is profit-  
able, more that is interesting and we  
will not say how much that is amusing  
would be included. Our space forbids  
but a bare mention of such characters as  
one David McRae, otherwise Adjutant,  
who proved himself a Jack-of-all-trades  
on the travelling. He it was who re-  
sured for the Commissioner that invari-  
able cup of tea after the meetings, with



or without the aid of a slave, beguiled  
the tedious of the long railway journeys  
for Willie and Pearl, and served the war  
generally in a manner hardly recomen-  
dable with the accepted idea of a man  
supposed to be on rest. But there were  
others who, like McRae, did all that lay  
in or out of their power to compass the  
comfort of their Commissioner or aid  
the success of her campaign, and we  
must not stay, for St. Johns' crowd is  
waiting.

The solid phalanx of uniformed men  
and women drawn up and around the  
station was a splendid show. There was  
scarcely a soldier without some uniform  
—most of them being in full regalia.  
Adj. Dowell, to whose capable arrange-  
ments much credit for the ever memo-  
rable campaign which followed is due,  
looked with pride, as well he might, up-  
on his martialled corps. They were such  
as any leader might feel proud of, and  
we think the Commissioner's heart  
felt something of such as she  
passed through the enthusiastic ranks,  
who cheered and cheered again as she  
smiled and waved back at them.

These meetings as the climax  
of the Newfoundland Campaign  
had naturally been looked  
forward to with tremendous an-  
ticipation. The news of the remarkable  
crowds and record-breaking enthusiasm  
which had attended the Commissioner's  
previous appointments in the Island had  
rolled the ball of expectation bigger  
and bigger with every day. That St. Johns  
was to be equal to and ahead of all that  
had gone before was a foregone con-  
clusion with everybody.

There were some circumstances which,  
on their face, were not of the bright-  
est. One was the weather. This  
was as grim and unpromising as  
protracted blizzards could make it. Local  
authorities gave their word that such  
weather had not been known in New-  
foundland for half a century. I don't  
think the soldiers even gave the thought  
a consideration, but there may have been  
some people who wondered how many  
would venture out. Then Messrs. Cross-  
ley and Hunter, the popular Evangelists,  
were holding a mission in a church hard  
by, and there may have been others who

(Continued on page 12.)



STAFF-CAPTAIN MORRIS.  
Private Secretary to the Commissioner.

## Sin's Consequences.

By RUTH.



T was on a cold, raw day, late in the Fall, when an Army lassie, who had been sitting by a small table in the officers' quarters, suddenly arose, closed the Roll Book and putting on her cloak and bonnet, passed out into the street. Her errand was to look up the backsliders, and try to induce them to come to the meetings, and back to God. It was called a "hard go," this little place, but with undimmed faith she had told on, and now the presence of the Lord and the power of the Spirit was being made manifest.

The wind blew lustily as she made her way from one street to another, finally stopping before a gloomy looking house. A gentle rap at the door brought a fair, delicate-looking woman to it.

"Come in, Captain, I am so glad you have called. This baby is so sick and I could not leave it to get out to meetings. My poor husband, you know, is a backslider."

God's little messenger waited patiently until the woman told her all about her troubles, knowing that oftentimes the heart to relieve an overburdened heart is to let it pour itself out uninterrupted into another sympathetic one.

"Yes, dear," she answered at last quietly, "I am sure things look dark to you just now, but how is it with your own soul: are you all right?"

"Praise God, I am all right, my hope is in Him," the woman replied.

After they had knelt together and poured out their souls to God, they peeped into the bed where lay a tiny babe, frail and white as a sweet snow-drops.

"I am afraid I shall never raise her," said the mother, and the large tears dropped down on the coverlet, as she looked at the pale face of her darling. With a tender kiss and a few words of comfort the Captain left.

A few days after the message came,

### "Baby is Dead!"

Will you come to-morrow and lead the funeral service? At the time appointed she went to the house of death. The tiny coffin stood upon two chairs, and the broken-hearted parents sobbed alone as they knelt by the form of their babe. After the service was over a short drive brought them to the cemetery, the cab stopped, and on stepping out, the Captain saw two tiny snow covered graves side by side, and a third, freshly-dug, lay open to receive the little coffin. The precious body was committed to the dust and as the clouds dropped with a third upon the emmett the sorrow of the parents was almost unbearable.

"Oh, Captain," sobbed the stricken father, "this is the third little one we have laid in the grave this last few years. All about the same age. Ever since I have been a backslider God has dealt with me."

"Then, why will you not come back to Him? Why will you be stricken again?"

"I cannot come back yet," he answered, and as the grave-digger shovelled in the last handful of earth they stepped into the cab and drove off to their desolate home. As the Captain farewelled soon after, she did not have the joy of knowing that this poor backslider was restored to God.

Surely this story proves the truth of those solemn words, "Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sin have withheld good things from you." How many a vacant chair, how many a fresh-dug grave there is in this world, how many a fresh footprint in the snow by the side of a loved one's grave that need not be. The pure spirit has to be transferred to the land of light, that the re-dimmed eye of the mourner may follow it to where the Lamb that sits on the Throne enfold it in His loving arms, and the poor, shrunken heart has to be left empty and desolate, before it will seek the consolation of God. Many a crushing grief comes because of someone's sin.

Reader, have thy good things been withheld, or taken from thee? Has the light of thine eyes been removed from thy vision? Then hear the tender voice of thy Lord, who thy wounded spirit cries out in its agony, "Why, why is it thus with me?" speaking, "Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sin have withheld good things from you." Jer. v. 28. When thou art to Him. He has promised "No good

thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly." Seek His favor, not from any selfish motive, for He reads thy desires. But let the goodness of thy Lord lead thee to repentance. Then listen what He says again: "He openeth also their ears to discipline, and commandeth that they return from their iniquities. If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." Job xxxvi. 11. Even then there may have to come other dealing of the Lord with thy spirit, but how vastly different! The dear sainted Havergal says:

"Yes, there is tribulation, but Thy power Our blend it with rejoicing; There are thorns, but they have kept us in the narrow way, The King's highway of holiness and peace;

And there is chastening, but the Father's love Flows through it.

And would any trusting heart Forget the chastening, and forego the love?

And every step leads on to 'more and more,' From strength to strength Thy pilgrims

The praise of Him Who leads them on, and on, From glory unto glory, even here!"

## A Bird's-Eye View of Spokane, Wash.

Your correspondent recently arrived in Spokane, where his attention was called to the large number belonging to, and the great interest manifested in, the Salvation Army.

Just now the Army is in the midst of a Siege, and special efforts are being put forth to bring sinners to God, and in this way many are forsaking their sin.

The Army is also conducting a Rescue Home and Shelter, where the poor and unfortunate are taken in and cared for.

The Mayor of the city has become greatly interested in the management of the Home, and has recommended to the City Council the necessity and desirability of making an appropriation.

This is a move in the right direction, and should be imitated by other cities.

The Shelter is located on Front St., in a large, commodious, three-story brick building, and has an average of about 60 boarders and roomers. Meals and beds are obtained at a small cost, either in money or work, the destitute being furnished with temporary employment in the wood yard and assisted to positions in the city and country.

At present the Shelter is under the supervision of Adj. and Mrs. Dodd, assisted by Capt. and Mrs. Lacy, and is in a flourishing condition.

Under the present management many needed improvements have been inaugurated, which greatly add to the beauty and home-like appearance of the institution.

Too much cannot be said in favor of these people, as the good they are doing cannot be over-estimated, and it is gratifying to know that the public is beginning to see and appreciate the good wrought by them. Long may they live to enjoy the fruition of their labor.—From one who was there.



"Me join them? Now, who do you think I am?"

May He teach us how to die to live; how to sink in ourselves to rise in Him; how to be empty enough to receive His fullness that He Himself may give us a "mouth and wisdom that all our enemies cannot gulfay or resist." Then we shall only be the instrument, and He the almighty worker; what wonderful works the world shall see when it is "lost in Christ."—R. C. Black.

## Siege Siftings

From Brigadier Bennett's Domain.

Cornwall.

Adj. Bradley met me at the train. As we walked into the town we met Mrs. Bradley, busy selling War Cry and pushing the war. Saturday was a good time, but all day on Sunday God was with us in a special manner. At knee-drill there was a fine crowd, and they knew how to pray. One sister found the blessing of sanctification. At eleven we had the covenant service, which was a most blessed time. The afternoon meeting was also well attended, and one soul sought salvation. Between the afternoon and night service the Adjutant and I visited one of the comrades who was near death's door, but his soul was right with God, and in spite of his weakness of body, he was brave in the love of Jesus. Sunday night a backslider and three children prayed for mercy. The brother told us of the thing that made him stumble, but he said he was determined to conquer and to be a true soldier. Some of the comrades put a greenery on him in the penitential form, and he went home in uniform.

Adj. and Mrs. Bradley have commenced cottage meetings, and they report five souls for salvation. Cornwall comrades mean victory.

Montreal I.

A half-night of prayer had been announced for Tuesday night. It was well attended and finished up grandly with eight souls out for the blessing of entire sanctification and one for pardon. Before we closed they all gave witness that they had received what they came for.

Amongst those who attended the half-night were the following: Major Stewart, Staff-Capt. Rawling and Buditt, Adj. Robert, Capt. McIntyre, Chelmer, Frazer, Lowry, and Lieut. Tuck. It truly was a time never to be forgotten and a rich spiritual feast.

Montreal II.

Brigadier Bennett and Staff-Capt. Rawling did a Sunday's meetings at this corps. The officers and soldiers worked hard; all the meetings were good, and at night two souls sought and found salvation. We are expecting great things of Montreal II. during the Siege. Capt. McIntyre and Lieut. Tuck are in charge, and our faith runs high.

We are continually getting reports which speak of great victories. At Barre recently 14 souls were saved in one day, and there is the sign of an abundance of souls.—H. B.

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are just hungering and thirsting for love and sympathy. Let us fill up and give out.

Let us keep hunting—nothing once without hustling. The devil is hustling in the taverns, in the best holes of sin. What are we doing? Let us improve every opportunity.

"Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe."

## THROUGH THE HEART OF THE KOOTENAY.

(Continued.)

NELSON was our destination for the next night's meeting, where several loads and bandmen were to be commissioned, and six more recruits were enrolled beneath the flag of Blood-and-Fire. Adj. Edgecombe, the District Officer for the Kootenay District, was on hand to meet us at the summit. Our evening's meeting was a fine affair and did us all good. Adj. Edgecombe has certainly got a splendid hold of Nelson, and is much loved by the people, while Lieut. Brown is doing all he can to strengthen the hands of the Adjutant.

Th. Rev. Mr. Frew, who entertained us, was kindness itself.

Nelson is rapidly coming into prominence as the supply point for the Kootenay District. It already has several wholesale houses, and its retail stores compare favorably with those located in larger cities.

Direct connection is now made from Nelson to the East over the Crow's Nest Pass route, for both passengers and freight.

A run of 45 miles the next day on the Kootenay River and Lake, brings us to Kaslo. We had to break the ice all the way up the river by pushing a large ahead of the steamer, which caused us considerable delay, and as a result we arrived in Kaslo in time to hear the benediction. The Chancellor, however, had a short meeting with the soldiers.

A run back the next day to Nelson, on our way to Revelstoke, was taken in order to avoid a layover of a day at Sandao, and run the risk of meeting a slide or being snowed up.

Our trip of 135 miles from Nelson to Revelstoke was a very monotonous affair. The lower portion of Arrowwood Lake being frozen up by the severe cold, we had to go by a round about way, necessitating no less than five changes in the above distance.

The Salvation Army has done a splendid work at Revelstoke during the first year of its labors. 21 bona fide names have been placed on the permanent roll, some more recruits are on the way, and the prospects are bright for a successful future. Our meeting was well attended, some more locals were commissioned and a soldiers' meeting held after the public one.

Capt. Fisher has just taken command. They have secured their first Siege convert. Revelstoke is becoming a very busy town, and growing rapidly.

(To be continued.)

## Jubilant Jottings.

By STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.

SAVED? I am saved, body, soul, and spirit—right from head to foot, up to date. Hallelujah!

FIGURES? I am figuring from morning till night, so that I can accurately see anything but figures; but that's all right, I feel very happy in my work on the statistics in the G. S. Department.

DRY? Not a bit of it. Mellow as marrow, regular office work. Sticking to it all day has not dried me up, and I don't mean to let it. Thank God, He keeps me mellow.

While with Brigadier Complin at Geelph. I was billeted at an old comrade's, Bill D—, and I had a good chance to deal directly with him about his soul. He melted like a child and made a full surrender. I have had one or two letters from him since, the following is an extract:

"Just a line to say I have got a complete victory from the Sunday I did my duty. God has never ceased to fill my soul. Believe me on my living at the cross, to do or die for Jesus."

My burning desire is that God will help me to pick up the stragglers; they

## God Healed Him.

A short time ago I was afflicted with a partial paralysis of the right arm. It had become so powerless that it was only with great difficulty I could convey my food to my mouth with it; I could hardly raise the striping and ornamenting pencils at my work in the factory, for the numbness and dexterity of my fingers had departed from me, and my affliction was gradually progressing in powerlessness. I came to the conclusion that if there was not something done to stay its progress, or effect a cure, I would be an invalid very soon.

Having no faith in human skill for cases of this kind, I decided to make the matter a subject of special prayer. I fervently desired what I prayed for, and thank God, He is a just rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, for ever since then (some weeks ago) I have experienced no inconvenience in my arm whatever. I can truly exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases!"—Walter Scott, Geelph.

The brave man thinks of himself last of all.



## The Soldiers' Point.

Foreign Falls.

A good soul—out here. One visiting on Tuesday night's meeting, making ten for had an outing time.

Yorkville.

Splendid week Saturday night "Rebels" a decided treat yet. Several meetings well.

Montreal H.

Wednesday night the League of Nations held the Point. We fine meeting. He came to God and

Pictou.

Glorious time last Saturday joined with us. crowd? The excess and crowd. Oh, it was a drunk gave up on patient form, outside the bar "Hallelujah!" Sunday was crowded. The Plot. God bless returned. Glorying on Monday Sims and Norman

Perth.

We are having Three souls expected to follow. cigars and liquor body very kind God bless them are getting saved

Port Hope.

Sunday, blessed knee-drill to the God! Two prayers in the afternoon bless them—A

Collingwood.

On Thursday meeting, with a on "Shining Light" inspiring. Close God. Sunday night Three out for exclaiming. Am ex-Captain. S filled to the do power, with out two backsliders making seven in Clark. R. C.

Kootenay.

Most glorious At night two to the fold. V the barracks. nt this corps v Cor.

Lugar St.

Praise God for young women of Sunday night. Lessons too, had during the Ch God! More to

Broadview.

Sunday, Feb. this corps. In Be answered well



## The Siege Rages—Enemy Defeated—112 Prisoners Made by 29 Corps.

### Façon Falls.

A good soul-saving work has broken out here. One soul converted while visiting on Tuesday. Seven in Saturday night's meeting, two more on Sunday, making ten for the week. Juniors just had an outing to Lindsay. Splendid time.

### Yorkville.

Splendid week-end. Three souls on Saturday night, and one on Sunday. "Robes" a decided success. Crowds the best yet. Several strangers noticed in the meetings. Juniors' week has gone well.

### Montreal H.

Wednesday night Major Stewart and the League of Mercy sisters, led by Mrs. Symington held a musical meeting at the Point. We had a good march and a fine meeting. Friday night one brother came to God and got saved.—W. G. R. C.

### Pictou.

Glorious times. Soldiers all on fire. Last Saturday the Free Methodists joined with us. Did you ever see a crowd? The barracks were gorged to excess and crowds were turned away. Oh, it was a glorious meeting. One drunk gave up a bottle of spirits at the penitent form, and Ensign Sims marched outside the barracks, and with a loud "Hallelujah!" dashed it to the ground. Sunday was a glorious day—large crowds. The Pictou soldiers are a grand lot. God bless them! One backslider returned. Glory to God! Cottage meeting on Monday such a glorious time.—Sims and Norman. C. O's.

### Perth.

We are having beautiful meetings here. Three souls captured for the Siege, and more to follow. Hallelujah! Tobacco, cigars and liquor thrown away. Everybody very kind, especially the boys. God bless them! Best of all, they are getting saved.—M. Brown, Capt.

### Port Hope.

Sunday, blessed day to our souls, from knee-drill to the finish up at night. Praise God! Two prodigals came home—one in the afternoon and one at night. God bless them!—Annie, Cor.

### Collingwood.

On Thursday night we had a musical meeting, with a lecture by Bro. Munroe on "Shining Lights," which was very inspiring. Closed with two souls for God. Sunday morning, wonderful time. Three out for salvation and one for cleansing. Among the number was an ex-Captain. Sunday night, barracks filled to the doors. Wonderful time of power, with one out for salvation, and two backsliders came back to the fold, making seven in all for the day.—Willie Clark, R. C.

### Houlton.

Most glorious times all day Sunday. At night two backsliders came back to the fold. We had a march round the barracks. We will have big times at this corps yet.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

### Ligar St.

Praise God for continual victory! Two young women decided for God the other Sunday night. Many blessings and many lessons too, have been meted out to us during the Children's Week. Praise God! More to follow.—Mrs. Stickill.

### Bracebridge.

Sunday, Feb. 12th, was a high day to this corps. In the afternoon, children on the Senior platform. The children answered well to the questions given

### Ten.

them by the J. S. Secretary. At night a good crowd gathered for the farewell of Cand. Calvert. One soul in the Fountain. Tuesday night the corps had a nice tea together. It was a most enjoyable time, and all fresh pledged themselves to be true to God. We will miss Bro. Calvert very much, not only to boom the Cry (though it often did mean denying himself of a meeting), but many other ways as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ.—Adj. Scarr.

### Spokane Shelter.

Just a line to let you know that we are still in the war. Last Sunday we light in our meeting at the Shelter two souls sought and found the Saviour. We give God all the glory.—Geo. A. Dodd, Adj.

### Ottawa.

Sunday was one of the grandest days we have had for a long time. From knee-drill until evening it was victory all along. A real spiritual cyclone. 9 precious souls realized God's power to save. All glory we give to God. By faith we conquer.—A. French.

### Brookville.

The Siege is progressing in Brookville and Victory shall be ours. Since last report three souls have sought salvation. Brookville has been a hard nut to crack, but God is helping us to crack it. Our prayer is that God will raise up a great band of Blood-and-Fire warriors to push the salvation war in this town.—R. Fuxtable, W. Butcher, C. O's.

### Brantford.

The battle is still raging in Brantford, and we are gaining ground. Three prisoners have been taken during the past week. And we are close on some more who shall soon be captured and possessing the song with us. "His Blood can make the foulest clean."—T. Coombs, Adj.

### Ingersoll.

Beautiful dedication service of "Saint child of Bro. and Sister Simmons. God bless Albert Alfred Simmons! May he be a proper Blood-and-Fire salvation warrior by-and-by. Mother expressed

### Two.

hope that her boy would be a Captain some day. That's the spirit. Good week's fighting. Converts pronounced knee-drill the best meeting of the week. The Holy Ghost fire is burning. Glory! Two souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor. M. Kennedy.

### Millbrook.

The Siege! The Siege! First shot fired on our outpost (Manvers). Glorious victory for King Jesus, and four souls captured, one a Junior. General Gripper is doing his best to defeat us, taking from the front of the fight some of our oldest and best soldiers. God bless them! We are believing to see them to the front before long. We go in united to make this Siege the best yet.—Albert.

### Carberry.

Siege target O. K. Since last report we have seen victory in Carberry. Three souls at the feet of Jesus. Interest growing. Cottage meetings a great success. The power of God manifested.—Lieut. N. G. Halsten.

### Palmerston.

The weather was very cold on Sunday night, but thank God, we had the fire of the Holy Spirit burning in our hearts. Three souls got saved. Last night at the cottage meeting we had the joy of seeing another soul come to Jesus. All glory be to God.

### Trenton.

We had a visit from our Bishop, also the converted Frenchman. Had a good time. Say, he can talk! We all say, "Come again, Bishop Blackburn." On Saturday night we had our new G.B.M. Ascend with his lantern and talking machine. He was with us all day Sunday. One soul came and gave herself up to God. Another came yesterday afternoon, making a total of four since we came to this place. We are in for victory.—Lieut. Carter for Capt. Crego.

### Glouce Bay, C. B.

I wonder if your readers know there is an Army corps away down in Glouce Bay? If they get all their information from the War Cry, I am afraid they don't know much about us. Since last there was a report from G. B. we have had a change of officers. Ensign and Mrs. Larder have taken hold of the corps, and not only the corps, but the people as well. Ensign is an all-round

### Four.

man and a general favorite, with much only two months in the place. Since the Siege began four souls have found the Saviour—two backsliders and two new cases. One case is a little out of the ordinary. She is a young woman (Sergeant Major's sister) and that night she left the meeting, walked up street, then returned to the barracks and walked right out to the penitent form. Now, Mr. Editor, we are going in for big times, and if you will print this I will tell you more about them. We are going to open our new hall shortly, and we are going to have a half-night of prayer, and God must be blessing us. In the past few days, by the way, we had two out on Sunday, both for the blessing of a clean heart.—Drummer.

### Summerside.

Summerside is alight, for God is with us. Soldiers are going in for more of His power. They are an earnest little band and have taken the Siege to heart. One man, a sea captain, came to the Mercy Boat under the influence of liquor. God met him and set him free. Since the Siege opened we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls crying to God for Pardon, and still there is more to follow.—Ensign Al. Larder, and Cand. Long.

### Kaslo.

We have said good-bye to Capt. McKeinn. We are sorry to lose her, but believe "all things work together for good to those who love God." Glad to report victory. One young man sought and found Jesus.—A. Langill, Lieut.

### Lethbridge.

God has been blessing us. In the last week five souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! God bless our holy corps!—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

### Emerson.

Since last report God has been working in our midst. And we are rejoicing over one poor soul for salvation, and two backsliders returning to the fold. In hallelujah!—Capt. Herringshaw.

### Crawthurst.

Praise God, we are still having victory. Good meetings all through the week, and on Sunday we had two more souls in the Fountain. Victory is ours. Hallelujah!—J. R. for R. C.

### Aurora.

Praise God! A break has come at last, and two precious souls have won their way to the feet of Jesus. The light has been very hard, but God is answering prayer, for which we give Him all the glory.—Lieut. Tytus.

### Helen.

Our new officers have taken up the work where it was laid down by those who have gone before. Glorious meetings all day Sunday, with six souls out for pardon. Hallelujah! Adj. Wulton has forewarned from the Rescue Home. The prayers and good wishes of comrades and friends go with her. The soldiers' tea on Tuesday night was well attended. God abundantly bless those who labored so faithfully and earnestly to make it a success. We are going on to still greater victories here in Helen.—E. H. Wickersham.

### Remetoko.

We have Capt. Fisher and Lieut. Morris with us now, as successors to Capt. Gooding and Capt. Floyd. God is giving us glorious times, in spite of cold snaps and snow storms. On Sunday night our meeting was one that will rest long upon the minds of the people in Remetoko. At the close of the meeting one poor backslider came home again. Soon another followed, then the third, then a sister, another brother, then a sister, with another brother following. Seven crying to God for mercy. Praise God! Victory will come. They all found Jesus.—Bro. C. Willis.

**THIS WAS THE TARGET**  
WITH WHICH WE BEGAN THE SIEGE.

During the Siege of 1888, from Jan. 28th to April 3rd, the following shall by God's Grace be accomplished throughout this Territory:—

- 3500 Prisoners of Sin Set Free;
- 500 Wandering Backsliders Redeemed;
- 300 Drunkards and other Notorious Sinners Converted;
- 1000 New Soldiers Enlisted for the King of Kings;
- 200 Candidates for Officership in the Salvation Army Secured;
- 400 Increases of Knee-Drillers to Besiege the Throns of Grace;
- 12000 Increases in Weekly Attendance at Army Meetings;
- 1600 Increases in Attendance of Children;
- 700 New Band of Love Members made;
- 1000 Junior Soldiers Enrolled.

How far have YOU helped to hit it?



## The Field Commissioner in Newfoundland.

(Continued from page 9.)

thought that St. John's had not enough crowds for the two attractions! But away with supposing! Before the Commissioner landed in the city at all, close on a thousand tickets at 20 and 10 cents each had been sold for her reception meeting, and nearly an hour before the meeting commenced the British Hall was jammed to the doors. "What a platform that was," remembers the Commissioner. It was indeed an inspiring sight, crammed to the roof with uniformed warriors, who jumped to their feet as their leader came up the aisle, and put all their voice and all their heart into a welcome song. The meeting which followed was indescribable in its liberty, love and power.

Sunday's meetings were masterpieces. The Field Commissioner was in her element, and with soldiers whose every instinct was to follow and to follow to the death, victory was no surprise. The crowd in the afternoon was a representative St. John's throng. Near the front sat Sir Robt. and Lady Thorburn, while there were hardly a grade of society or religious denomination unrepresented. The Commissioner spoke with nation, and evidently under a heavy sense of the burden of the eternal issues of the moment. Lower of the lost, as she always is, it seemed throughout this Newfoundland Campaign that a special burden and passion for souls was laid upon her. Needless to say this spirit kindled like flame. In the singularly responsive hearts of her troops. The prayer meeting was a wonderful one. Scarcely more than one song was sung—than sacred verse. "Here I give my all to Thee"—sung only Newfoundlanders can sing it—sung again and again with growing faith and fervor, while sinners from all over the building, and of every class and grade, came weeping to the Mercy Seat.

"They prayed—but their prayer was too late." The terse, terrible words fell like arrows on the heads of that dense Sunday night throng. Sung as they were in accents of tender restraint by the Field Commissioner, yet they dropped like live coals of conviction into the hearts who listened. The crowd was immense, the meeting having had to commence long before the announced time on account of the door's imperative closing, yet the crowd sat as one man, and you could have heard a pin drop. The weight of conviction was positively painful, so that was the tension of feeling. Then, laying her concertina down, and taking up the Bible, the Commissioner followed up her song with one of the most God-prompted addresses of sobering truth we have ever heard her deliver. The crowd shivered under her revelations and melted under her appeals. For three anxious minutes the prayer meeting was held—it was as though the force of will rallied to make a final effort for the capture of that God-forsaken field, only to be speedily driven back, for how comes the first—a woman, right from the back of the hall, who runs up the aisle and falls on her knees calling, "Oh, am I am I too late?" After that stiffness was unknown. Sometimes over one hundred prayed as with one voice. Oh, how those soldiers prayed!—prayed for the sinners to come, and then prayed for them just as eagerly and earnestly when they had come. The Commissioner was in the thick of the fray, just on the bridge, now down amongst the halting—she brought five men one after the other, to the Mercy Seat. The scenes at the potent form—the rejoicings, the thanksgivings, tears, prayers, rousings, they cannot be told—indeed the whole meeting is as the Commissioner puts it for long influence and power. "Beyond the power of pen to describe." At what hour it closed we are not sure—nor with just what manifestations of holy joy as in a medley of Hallelujahs, we gave God the glory for that day and fifty souls which had set their soul to it.

The police were unimpaired. It is not often that the men in blue care to acknowledge it, but nobody blamed them for what was manifestly a physical impossibility. The British Hall was jammed far beyond the limits of comfort if not of safety, the entrances blocked and the streets jammed with disappointed people—people offering 50 cents for standing room amongst them. Inside, the chairman, Rev. A. Robinson, had no easy task to make the well-known words of

his introduction audible. So cramped was the crowd that it seemed as if the meeting would have to be dismissed. The Commissioner told them that she feared such must be the case. There was an immediate cessation in the swaying and chattering. Never has the story of the shams, as told by "Miss Booth in Bala," been told with greater effect—listened to with more breathless interest. Three gentlemen have since volunteered to pay the expenses of the Commissioner and give that address again, and guarantee the hall full at fifty cents a seat.

It remained a question as to whether that crowd ever would go. Even after the benediction they brought the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," which was sung with much love and some tears as they waved farewell to the slight rag-doll figure of their beloved visitor and leader.

Suddenly and without any due warning the Bruce saw fit to depart again, much to the Commissioner's sorrow, before she had privately met the soldiers of St. John's. Going thus unexpectedly at last, hundreds of would-be farewellers were disappointed, but all who heard in time were on the wharf, waving till the steamer was but a speck upon the ocean, though the rain fell in drenching torrents.

The return journey we will not particularize. It was a repetition of the out-going voyage, only with some aggravations. But if you ask the Field Commissioner, whose counting meant so much to these loyal, loving Newfoundlanders' hearts, and in whose own affections they hold so deep a place, she would tell you that what cost the most, the crossings were well worth the while.

meeting, led by Adj. Kerr. The hall was packed out. We could not sit any more in it. We had one sister seated in a soldier's—Fat.

### Muskegon.

You have not heard from us for some time, but thanks be to God, we are still alive. On Saturday night we had with us Ensign Stagers. He led the meeting with a swing. Two previous souls found peace. Since the Siege began we have seen six weary souls made happy. We are fighting happy.—J. H. Frost, R. V.

## With Brigadier Gaskin TO MUSKOKA.

### Barrie.

A week-end spent at this corps is both profitable and enjoyable; so it proved to be to the writer. It does one good to meet these tried and faithful warriors who have fought on through storm and cloud under the "Flag with the Every Star" year after year, and their unswerving devotion to the work of saving men is something of which we can be justly proud. Of course, the "old folks" do not do all the fighting, there are quite a few energetic, go-ahead youngsters, several of whom are Candidates, who take a good part of the strife against sin and Satan.

The hall again smiles that wreath the faces of such warriors. Father McCullough, Father Miles, Treas. Stapleton, and several others are truly courageous, more especially as they so often smile through tears of gladness, when light on the countenance, eloquently telling of the "life that now is, and that which is to come."

The meetings all day Sunday were real good. God was manifestly present in great power, especially afternoon and night.

Just as the first chorus was being sung in the prayer meeting on Sunday night, the fire bell rang and out rushed most of the audience, wondering if their house or cottage had taken fire.

We held on for some time, but the unsaved ones who remained would not yield.

Monday night we had a banquet and special gun, which was a success. The Provincial Officer gave a most interesting and touching address, which was immensely enjoyed and was a great blessing. The hall being nearly full, although a change was made at the door. This corps is doing well under the leadership of Adj. Cameron.

### Orillia.

This corps is prospering. Several new soldiers have been enrolled and things are decidedly on the up-grade. Capt. Bowers and Lieut. Huskinson are in charge. We had a splendid meeting, a fine crowd having gathered by the time we got in from the march, through the snowy, slippery streets. There is a bright future before Orillia.

### Gravenhurst.

Capt. McCann and Lieut. Bone have been used of God in the salvation of souls, many of whom are doing well and will make good soldiers. We had a fine meeting here. The open-air and march was not largely attended, but we had a grand time inside. The P. O. spoke of this Siege and the individual responsibility of each one pushing forward the Kingdom's interest. A Bible reading followed the testimonies, which were led by the Captain. We closed at about 11 o'clock, with 8 souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation and holiness.

### Huntsville.

We left Gravenhurst at midnight, reaching Huntsville about 2:30 a. m. Capt. White and the Secretary met us at the station.

This corps has improved splendidly the last three months, under the leadership of Capt. White and Lieut. Meeks. Many souls have been saved, and a number of soldiers enrolled.

The J. S. work is doing grandly, and the general work of the corps is most promising. The open-air and march was inspiring. The inside meeting was magnificent. Good crowds, great interest and deep conviction. Four soldiers were saved.

Each corps visited shows an all-round improvement during the last three months.—A. G.

When you cease slaving, you will cease doubting also.

# Corps Correspondence.

### Napawee.

God is saving here. Since the Siege commenced souls are coming to God. Though the devil has a firm grip on some, yet we believe the conquering Savior can break every chain.—M. W. and A. N.

### Truro, N.S.

The fight is tough, and we are not yet bit discouraged, for our God lives. We know His promises are true, and victory is sure. Watch the Cry.—D. Faney, and A. Brown.

### Victoria.

Welcome meeting to Adj. Milner Saturday. Good turn out. Band to the front. We are all glad to have our new officers at last. We really thought they were lost, stolen, or strayed. They have lots of work ahead, putting the new barracks in shape. The whole building has been rented, so that quaters, bar, food room and Junior hall are all together, quite central and lots of room. Sunday meetings were very good. Quite a crowd at night. Adj. Milner and Capt. Gooding led, assisted by Adj. Barr, from the Shelter.—M. L.

### Halifax.

The Lord is helping us in the Siege. By present indications we predict a harvest of souls through this special effort. May the Lord make here His saving arm and make us whole-hearted in His service.—Treas. Gaskin.

### Toronto Lifeboat.

Last Sunday we were treated with a visit from Ensign N. Griffith and Capt. Easton, whose singing was much appreciated by the men. Capt. Easton read the lesson and spoke very forcibly upon the text, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Ensign Griffith drew in the net. Bro. Zuercher and Sister Medlock came over from the Temple to help us. Come again, comrades.—Autobarn.

### St. John's.

God has been wonderfully helping us. Converts doing well. The biggest crowds attending the meetings for years. Expecting great things from the hands of God.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

### Uxbridge.

Good meetings. Crowds and interest increasing. Soldiers encouraged and sinners convicted. "Achan up to date" meeting Wednesday night. Sunday night we had a Russian Missionary with us. The Rev. Mr. Schutt (Baptist) gave us a short address. Many convicted, but no one yielded.—M. L. R. C.

### Montreal.

Good crowds. War Cry all sold out. People wanted more. Why not Rev. comrades?—E. L. We welcomed Lieut. Young in our midst. While our officers were out visiting two men asked the Captain to pray for them.—Little Willie.

### Revelstoke.

Big times. Staff-Capt. Turner with us Friday and Saturday to lead our meetings. His visit was much appreciated. On Friday he appointed and commissioned some local officers for the year. Bro. Adams as Treasurer, Bro. Connors as Drum Sergeant, Bro. Munro as Junior Soldier Sergeant, Bro. Sylvester as Post out

Form Sergeant, Bro. Post Color Sergeant, Bro. McCullum Sergeant-Major. Saturday we had a good meeting. Come again, Captain, we like to see your face.—Bro. Willis.

### Montreal.

Thursday night found our young folks under the able leadership of their local officers, in charge of the meeting. A good crowd greeted them, who manifested a keen interest in the proceedings. Week-end meetings, first class. War Cry all sold out, and a clear gain recorded. Soldiers preparing for a grand united gathering. Bananmaster W. A. Smith, the happy possessor of a gun. This makes the third capt within eight days added to the bandsman's families. Young month orzin band, we presume.—Ed. L. Negus.

### Roseland.

Times of victory and power in the Golden City of the West. Sinners coming to Jesus. Hallelujah! Ensign Tetter and Lieut. Gath on deck. On Sunday and Sunday had Staff-Capt. Turner with us for a week-end. On Sunday night enrolled six recruits to fight under the Yellow, Red and Blue. The response of enrolment was very impressive, and saint and sinner alike felt impressed with the address of the Staff-Captain on the Army Rules and Regulations. The Staff-Captain is always welcome to Roseland. Come again!—D. McDougall for Ensign V. Lester.

### Summersdale.

Our new District Officer, Ensign J. K. Miller, was with us for the week-end. Although the weather was extremely cold, still we had good crowds. Things are moving in the right direction. During the past two weeks our hearts have rejoiced in seeing sinners seeking the Saviour.—Nettie Gamble.

### Regina.

Our big times are not over yet. We had one on Friday night, when Adj. and Mrs. Higgins arrived, with Capt. Peacock and two loads of Juniors, from Lindsay. The children did well with their singing and reciting, and are not afraid to testify and pray. We had a real good time.—Reg. Cor.

### Sudbury.

Since our arrival here we have had a visit from the D. O. Adj. Blackburn and wife, also the Hallelujah Frenchman, from Montreal. Everybody pleased to see them again. We are working and praying, and we believe that God is going to reward our labors.—Mand McFarlane, for Capt. Stainforth.

### Sudbury.

When the S. A. first came to Sudbury, nearly four years ago, an individual wrote to our officers to say that if they did not leave town that they would leave them to "kingdom come." I guess our brother has changed his mind, as the Army is here yet, and many souls' feet were being snuffed and lives of sinners saved to lives of righteousness. We are here to stay.—Cand. S. R. Trikey.

### Fairville, N.S.

Last Monday afternoon the officers of the District came over and we had a little corner. God came near and blessed us, and at night we had a great sized

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# Hustlers' Rendezvous.

## A RAMPANT REVOLUTION!

### Brigadier Gaskin Does Himself Proud!

Greatest Event in the History of the  
Hustling Column.

Are We Entering on a New Era of  
Prosperity?

SCENE: Hustlers' office. First floor Temple, West side. Strong smell of seissors, paste and boomer's reports from all over. Bottle of smelling-salts near by in case of emergency. Enter Major Hargrave, of the C. O. P., with the unguarded statement that the Central will have over 100 boomers this week! Collapse of Hustlers' Man! Broad grin on ye Editor's face! Broader grin on ye Chancellor Hargrave's face! Intense excitement and fervid use of ye afore-said smelling-bottle by all concerned! Congratulations, hand shakes all! General good feeling, and all the rest!

The most casual glance at our columns this week will reveal the startling fact that the once discouraged Nigger has at last got over that tired feeling, adopted a staid gait, and shown her heels to the astonished world. My heart swells with pride when I raminate on the fact that the old record is broken and a new one established. And now the rosy blush of shame creeps over my features as I recall the harsh and unneeded remarks I have dropped on the character of the very horse to which I am now indebted for the present jubilation. Many apologies, Nigger!



Major Southall, for whom the sympathy of the entire Field is requested, would have done well to have listened to the private advice offered him last week in paragraph 3 of Hustlers' Notes. Let us hope that he will recover speedily and "wilt his spurs" once more! See the makeshift spurs at present in use in our cartoon this week!

Re our cartoon. A careful study will amply repay itself. All our Provincial Officers are shown, and the Field can see at a glance their relative position. Is Major Southall able to oust Brigadier Gaskin from his enviable sit? Will P. O. Howell some day mount his gallant steed and hand an illustrious name down to posterity? When will P. O. Bennett shine as a "star" for eye and eye? And will Brigadier Pagniere ever exchange his halo of tin and tallow riddles for a laurel wreath? Is P. O. McMillan able to get there by an easy route, and how does P. O. Shurt expect to be eventually placed among the winners? These are momentous issues and demand our most reverential respect and calculation.

Will all correspondents please try and send in their names written distinctly. I am a pretty fair scholar, thanks to the earnest efforts of my teacher, but often I get rather discouraged in the attempt to decipher a few names.

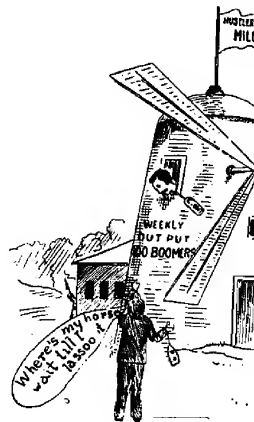
When tempted to neglect the Cry,  
And boom away no more,  
Remember on you I've an eye,  
And boom away galore!

The above poetry is not copyrighted.  
It is merely a humble effort to help you  
when down-hearted.

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

101 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Collingwood ..... 94  
Capt. Stollker, Riverside ..... 90  
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton ..... 78  
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines ..... 70



GASKIN IN POSSESSION OF THE MILL.

Sister Medlock, Temple ..... 73  
Adj. Cameron, Barrie ..... 72  
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville ..... 72  
Sister Pearce, Temple ..... 72  
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound ..... 69  
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brampton ..... 59  
Cadet Almark, Collingwood ..... 56  
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood ..... 54  
Sergt-Major Brown, Ligar St. ..... 53  
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound ..... 53  
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas ..... 50  
Capt. Stephens, North Bay ..... 50  
Lieut. J. McEneaney, North Bay ..... 50  
Bro. Cuse, Hamilton ..... 50  
Sister Carroll, Temple ..... 49  
Sergt-Major Bradley, Temple ..... 44  
Sergt. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St. ..... 43  
Bro. Dixon, Temple ..... 40  
Mrs. A.H. Wiggins, Lindsay ..... 37  
Capt. Bowers, Orillia ..... 49  
Lieut. Huskinson, Orillia ..... 49  
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury ..... 40  
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury ..... 40  
Lieut. White, Huntsville ..... 40  
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge ..... 37  
Cand. Calvert, Bracebridge ..... 36  
Cadet Harman, Richmond St. ..... 35  
Cadet Ward, Richmond St. ..... 35  
Capt. Gamman, Little Current ..... 35  
Capt. Hart, West Toronto Junction ..... 35  
Ensign Wyan, Riverside ..... 35  
Sergt-Major Beall, St. Catharines ..... 35  
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines ..... 35  
Sergt-Major Hunter, Newmarket ..... 32  
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville ..... 30  
Bro. Gray, Midland ..... 30  
Capt. J. Howcroft, Pary Sound ..... 30  
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Pary Sound ..... 30  
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa ..... 30  
Cadet Ringler, Lippincott ..... 30  
Capt. Brant, Faversham ..... 30  
Mrs. Fothergill, Hamilton I. ..... 30  
Sister McGuire, Temple ..... 30  
Sister Locke, Temple ..... 30  
Sister Stacey, Temple ..... 30  
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay ..... 30  
Capt. Penstock, Lindsay ..... 29  
Capt. Russell, Hamilton II ..... 29  
Chas. Gooda, Social Farm ..... 28  
Cadet Yako, Lippincott ..... 28  
Cadet Kitchin, Lippincott ..... 27

Lieut. Cooper, Omenes ..... 27  
Capt. Culbert, Omenes ..... 27  
Adj. Searr, Bracebridge ..... 27  
Cadet Smith, Lippincott ..... 26  
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside ..... 26  
Capt. Cornish, Kimmount ..... 25  
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I. ..... 25  
Bro. Young, Temple ..... 25  
Capt. Wiseman, Brooklyn ..... 25  
Lieut. Dales, Oshawa ..... 25  
Capt. Barker, Oshawa ..... 25  
Sister Darling, Yorkville ..... 24  
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside ..... 24  
Capt. McDougall, Ligar St. ..... 24  
Capt. O'Neil, Fendall Falls ..... 24  
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound ..... 23  
Cand. A. Stickels, Ligar St. ..... 23  
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket ..... 22  
Lieut. Young, Kiamoun ..... 22  
Capt. Hanna, Brampton ..... 22  
Lieut. Craig, Menford ..... 22  
Capt. Reunie, Menford ..... 22  
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I. ..... 22  
Cadet Neumann, Lippincott ..... 21  
Cadet Calvert, Richmond St. ..... 21  
Sister H. Daniels, Hamilton I. ..... 21  
Lieut. Titus, Aurora ..... 21  
Father Curry, Hamilton II ..... 21  
Mrs. Smith, Aurora ..... 21  
Capt. W. White, Hamilton I. ..... 20  
Cadet Hunter, Richmond St. ..... 20  
Capt. Slater, Ahme Harbor ..... 20  
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket ..... 20



#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

Sergt. Shelly, Ligar St. ..... 20  
Sister Bolton, Temple ..... 20  
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt ..... 20  
Sister Price, Dovercourt ..... 20  
Capt. Mainland, Oakville ..... 20  
Lieut. Cresco, Oakville ..... 20  
Lieut. Wadges, Uxbridge ..... 20  
William Thompson, Sudbury ..... 20  
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville ..... 20  
Mrs. Capt. McLelland, Midland ..... 20  
Lieut. Marshall, Faversham ..... 20

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford ..... 270  
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock ..... 225  
LEUT. CARR, Windsor ..... 167  
ENSIGN SCOTT, Galt ..... 111  
Capt. Heater, Clinton ..... 93  
Sergt. E. McDougall, Goderich ..... 80  
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia ..... 80  
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham ..... 80  
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph ..... 80  
Capt. Haley, Guelph ..... 80  
Team Mrs. Churchill, Petrolia ..... 70  
Capt. Hollett, Strathroy ..... 70  
Lieut. Mumford, Sarnia ..... 70  
Capt. Slat, Hespeler ..... 65  
Lieut. Horwood, Seaforth ..... 65  
Capt. Clark, London ..... 64  
Sister Rutts, London ..... 62  
Sergt. Mary Allen, Mitchell ..... 62  
Lieut. Slater, Dresden ..... 62

Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham ..... 55  
Capt. Linton, Watford ..... 50  
Capt. Hastings, Tilsonburg ..... 50  
Capt. Bragge, Wyomung ..... 50  
Lieut. Burton, Strathroy ..... 50  
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich ..... 50  
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin ..... 50  
Lieut. Winters, Bothwell ..... 50  
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell ..... 50  
Cand. Carley, Ridgetown ..... 48  
Adj. McAmmond, London ..... 46  
Capt. Coe, Guelph ..... 42  
Sister Lichbrook, Leamington ..... 42  
Lieut. Stickels, Forest ..... 42  
Capt. Howcroft, Forest ..... 42  
Sister Crafts, Chatham ..... 40  
Sergt. Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ..... 40  
Secretary McKeefe, Listowel ..... 40  
Sergt-Major Howlett, Petrolia ..... 38  
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll ..... 37  
Sister Robleland, Chatham ..... 37  
Sister Gifford, Simcoe ..... 37  
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston ..... 37  
Sergt-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham ..... 35  
Fusign McKenzie, Petrolia ..... 35  
Adj. McAmmond, London ..... 35  
Capt. Rees, Norfolk ..... 34  
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor ..... 33  
See Harris, London ..... 33  
Bro. Palmer, London ..... 32  
Sister Passmore, Benheim ..... 32  
Sister Maggie Clark, St. Thomas ..... 30  
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton ..... 30  
Capt. Ebsary, St. Thomas ..... 29  
Sister Hills, Benheim ..... 28  
Sister Pickle, Leamington ..... 28  
Sister Mrs. McHugh, Benheim ..... 25  
Lieut. Baird, Thorford ..... 25  
Sister Schmidt, Paris ..... 25  
Sister Jordan, Paris ..... 25  
Sister Crillius, Essex ..... 25  
Sister Stoddart, Essex ..... 25  
Bro. Christner, Dresden ..... 25  
Sister McLeod, Wingham ..... 25  
Ensign McHarg, Windsor ..... 25  
Capt. Mathers, Norwich ..... 24  
Lieut. Thompson, Leamington ..... 21  
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas ..... 21



#### EASTERN B.

67 Hustlers.

MAGGIE GRAHAM ..... 170  
SERGT. FLOOD, E. ..... 170  
SERGT. FLOOD, H. ..... 170  
CHAS. BOWEN ..... 170  
SERGT-Major VE ..... 170  
BRO. KELLY, St. C. ..... 170  
CAPT. G. THOMPSON ..... 170  
SISTER E. WHITE ..... 170  
Edith Taylor, St. Ste ..... 170  
Lieut. Smith, Moncton ..... 170  
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Cadet Webster, Frederic ..... 170  
Cadet Lebus, St. Jo ..... 170  
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Sergt. Mrs. Olive, C ..... 170  
Capt. McKay, New C ..... 170  
Lieut. Brown, Truro ..... 170  
Mrs. George Blackw ..... 170  
Sergt. Armstrong, St. ..... 170  
Capt. Sabine, St. Ste ..... 170  
Capt. Davies, Bridg ..... 170  
Lizette Lebus, Frederic ..... 170  
Mrs. Lyons, Frederic ..... 170  
Lieut. McPherson, Ha ..... 170  
Cadet True, St. John ..... 170  
Lieut. Taylor, St. Ste ..... 170  
Capt. J. W. Clark, N ..... 170  
Cadet Smith, Frederic ..... 170  
Sergt. Chislett, N. S. ..... 170  
Bro. Road, St. John ..... 170  
Bro. Jones, St. George ..... 170  
Ada Smith, Hamilton ..... 170  
Sister Blackacre, Mon ..... 170  
Sergt. J. Moore, Hali ..... 170  
Cadet Fudge, Frederic ..... 170  
Capt. McDonald, Kent ..... 170  
Ada Smith, Hamilton ..... 170  
Sergt. Allen, St. John ..... 170  
Cadet Adams, St. Jo ..... 170  
Ensign Jennings, Mon ..... 170  
Lieut. Dunscombe, Ne ..... 170







## Here am I, Lord!

Tune.—I bring my all to Thee (B.J. 107).

1 Oft have I heard Thy tender voice  
Calling, dear Lord, to me,  
Asking a quick, yet lasting choice,  
'Twixt worldly joys and Thee;  
Stirring my heart's deep fountain  
springs.  
Breaking the barriers down;  
Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,  
Crying, "No cross, no crown!"

## Chorus.

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,  
I bring my all to Thee,  
I wish 'twere more, but all my store  
I bring just all to Thee,  
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,  
I bring my all to Thee,  
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,  
And give Thyself to me.

And yet, alas, a storm-tossed sea  
Of care and doubt and fear,  
Still parts me, Saviour, Lord, from Thee,  
Although Thou art so near.  
Oh, speak again and bid me come,  
From every foot set free,  
Over the self and sin and storm,  
Over the waves to Thee.

Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee,  
Who maketh all things new;  
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,  
My sorrows to subdue.  
And in the battle's blazing heat,  
When flesh and blood would quail,  
I'll fight, and trust, and still repeat,  
That Jesus cannot fail.

## Second Chorus.

Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,  
Over the waves to Thee;  
At last, at last, I come, I come,  
Over the waves to Thee;  
I know Thou canst not fail, dear Lord,  
I know Thou canst not fail;  
I trust my all at Thy dear call,  
Jesus, Thou canst not fail.

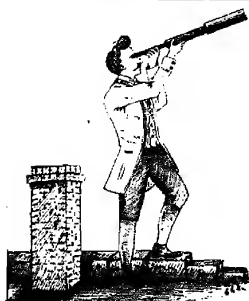
## I Will Not Let Thee Go!

Tune.—Jesus, I will not let Thee go (B.J. 57); Conference (B.J. 75); or, If the cross (B.J. 59).

2 My God, I know that Thou art mine,  
But, oh, when shall I be  
That I shall be entirely Thine,  
And find my all in Thee?

## Chorus.

I will not let Thee go:  
For Thou art mine,  
And I am Thine;  
I will not let Thee go!



"Hello! this looks like a comet approach  
ing the earth. I'll see it plainer next  
week!"

Thou canst not dwell in any heart  
Where doubtful things abide;  
A heart where idols have a part  
Thou canst not there reside.

'Tis this has kept me back so long,  
From plunging in the flow;  
I feared to follow all the way,  
Or let my idols go.

But now with all my doubts I part,  
And give myself to Thee;  
Oh, come and purify my heart,  
And set me fully free.

## Wanted—Front Rank Fighters!

Tune.—Victory for me (B.J. 69).

3 To the front, the cry is ringing,  
To the front, your place is there.  
In the conflict men are wanted,  
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.  
Selfish ends shall claim no right,  
From the battle's post to take us,  
Fear shall vanish in the fight,  
For triumphant God shall make us.

## Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,  
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
God looks down and glory crowns  
Our conquering band.

## Victory for me.

Through the Blood of Christ my Saviour,  
Victory for me,  
Through the precious Blood.

To the front the fight is raging,  
Christ's own banner leads the way.  
Every power and thought engaging,  
Might Divine shall be our stay.  
We have heard the cry for help,  
From the dying millions round us,  
We've received the royal command,  
From the dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,  
Wounded spirits need your care;  
To the front, the Lord obeying,  
Stoop to help the dying there.  
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,  
Slaves of death and degradation,  
Wait for these in love to bring,  
Holy peace and liberation.

## The Day of Judgment.

Tune.—You'll see the Great White Throne.

4 You'll see the Great White Throne,  
And stand before it all alone,  
Waiting for the King to call,  
When the stars begin to fall!

## Chorus.

My Lord, what a mourning!  
When the stars begin to fall!  
Before the Judgment Seat,  
Your sentence will the King repeat!  
Terror will you then exult,  
When the stars begin to fall!

You'll see the King come forth  
To judge the nations in His wrath!  
Sinners to the rocks will call  
When the stars begin to fall!

You'll hear Him say, "Well done!"  
To all who have the battle won;  
Oh, that He may call us all,  
When the stars begin to fall!

## For Scotch Singers Only.

Tune.—Auld Lang Syne (Sacred hope) (B.J. 58).

5 Far fra us hame an' God I strayed,  
Na'er rin' for the right,  
I sin'd the deil every day,  
An' that w'e' a' my micht.  
I wasna feart the dur the wrang  
While sa'rin' in his ranks,  
But ready aye the sang a sang,  
An' play his dirty pranks.  
(Last two lines of each verse for chorus.)

But a' night, juist twa years ago,  
My chums brocht me the news,  
That fowks ca'd "Hallelujahs" can't,  
Some said they had the blues,  
Sae thought that I wad gang an' see  
What a' this wis about,  
An' freens, am glad that e'er I gaed,  
For I got the deil turned out.

An' are sin syn I hae been sae glad,  
For Jesus Christ cam' in,  
An' took the wicked he'r awa'  
Along wi' a' my sin.  
Noo come an' try Him for yersels,  
Hoo kin ye hide awa',  
Whae He is waitin' tae forgie,  
An' wash ye white as snaw.

## Make a Joyful Noise.

Tune.—Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 93); Ella Rhea (B.J. 65); Lift up up the banner (B.B. 3); or, Bright crowns (B.J. 50).

6 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousands are their  
tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

## Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, Who died on  
Mount Calvary!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Amen!

"Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,  
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power Divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him Who sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## Poor Sinner, Come!

Tune.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 49); Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77); Hark, the voice (B.J. 1).

7 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power;  
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you: 'Tis the Spirit's ris-  
ing beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and ruined by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
Hear Him cry before He dies:  
'Tis finished! sinner will not this  
suffice?"

## This Week's Solo.

Tune.—The anchor's weighed (S.M. 1. 93).

8 A voice fell softly from on high,  
When I for sin was weeping sore;  
'Lord, save me!' was my heart-felt  
cry.

As loud I knoeked at Mercy's door,  
'Twas Jesus' voice, I heard Him sweetly  
say,

"My Blood has washed thy many sins  
away!"

Praise Him Who lived and died on Cal-  
vary's tree.  
Praise God, I'm saved!  
All's well, all's well,  
He sets me free.

The loving Lord died in my stead,  
Freely He did His life resign;  
For all mankind His blood was shed,  
O precious Blood! O Life Divine!  
Dear, loving Lord—oh, can I ever find  
A Friend so true, so pitiful and kind?  
He died and died to set poor sinners free,  
Praise God, I'm saved!  
All's well, all's well,  
He sets me free.



**COLONEL JACOBS,**  
Chief Secretary,  
WILL CONDUCT SPECIAL  
MEETINGS AT  
**OTTAWA,**  
Sunday and Monday, March 12-13.

**LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,**  
Accompanied by **MAJOR SOUTHALL**  
will visit and conduct Special  
Meetings as follows:  
**CHATHAM,** March 11, 12, 13.  
**BRESIDEN,** March 14.  
**PETROLIA,** March 15.  
**STANTFORD,** March 16.  
**WOODSTOCK,** March 17.  
**BRANTFORD,** March 18, 19.  
**HAMILTON,** March 20.



**BRIGADIER MRS. READ**  
will visit the following places:  
**HESPELER,** Thursday, March 9.  
**LONDON,** Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
11, 12, 13.  
**BRANTFORD,** March 25, 26, 27.

**NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.**  
**MAJOR McMILLAN**  
will visit the following corps and con-  
duct Special Meetings:  
**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE,** Sat., Sun.  
and Mon., March 11, 12 and 13.  
(Hallelujah Wedding Monday night.)

**THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.**  
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